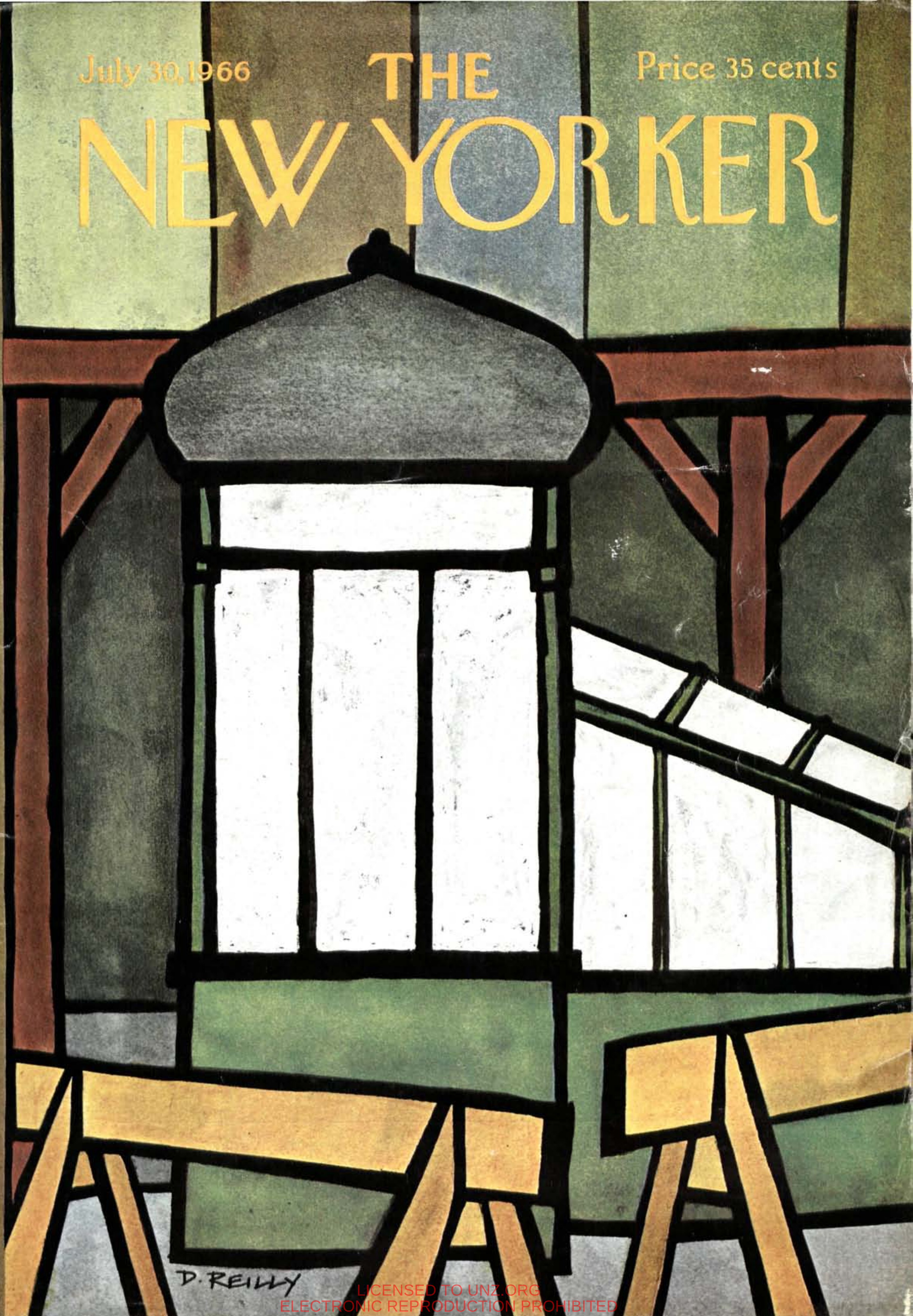
July 30, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents



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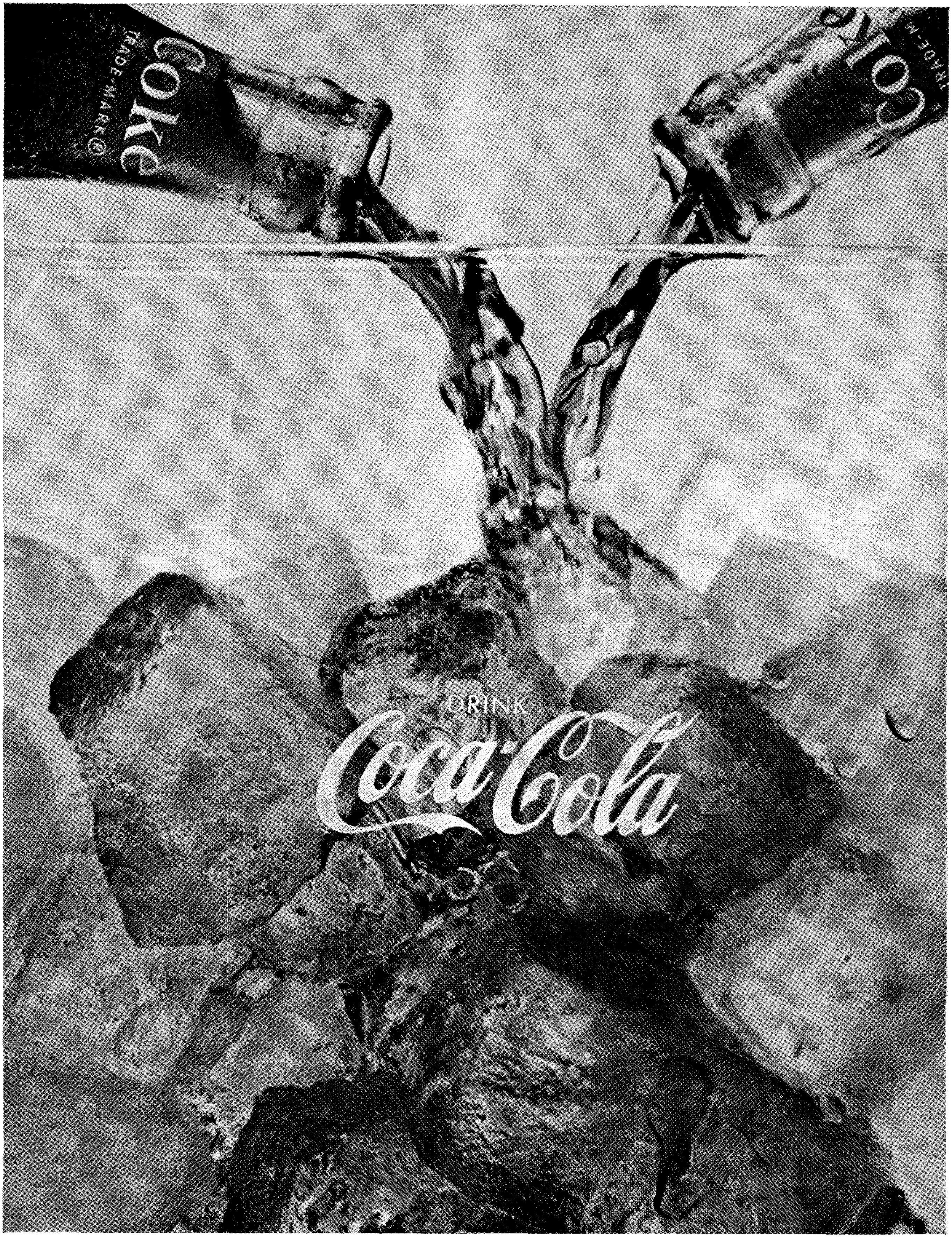
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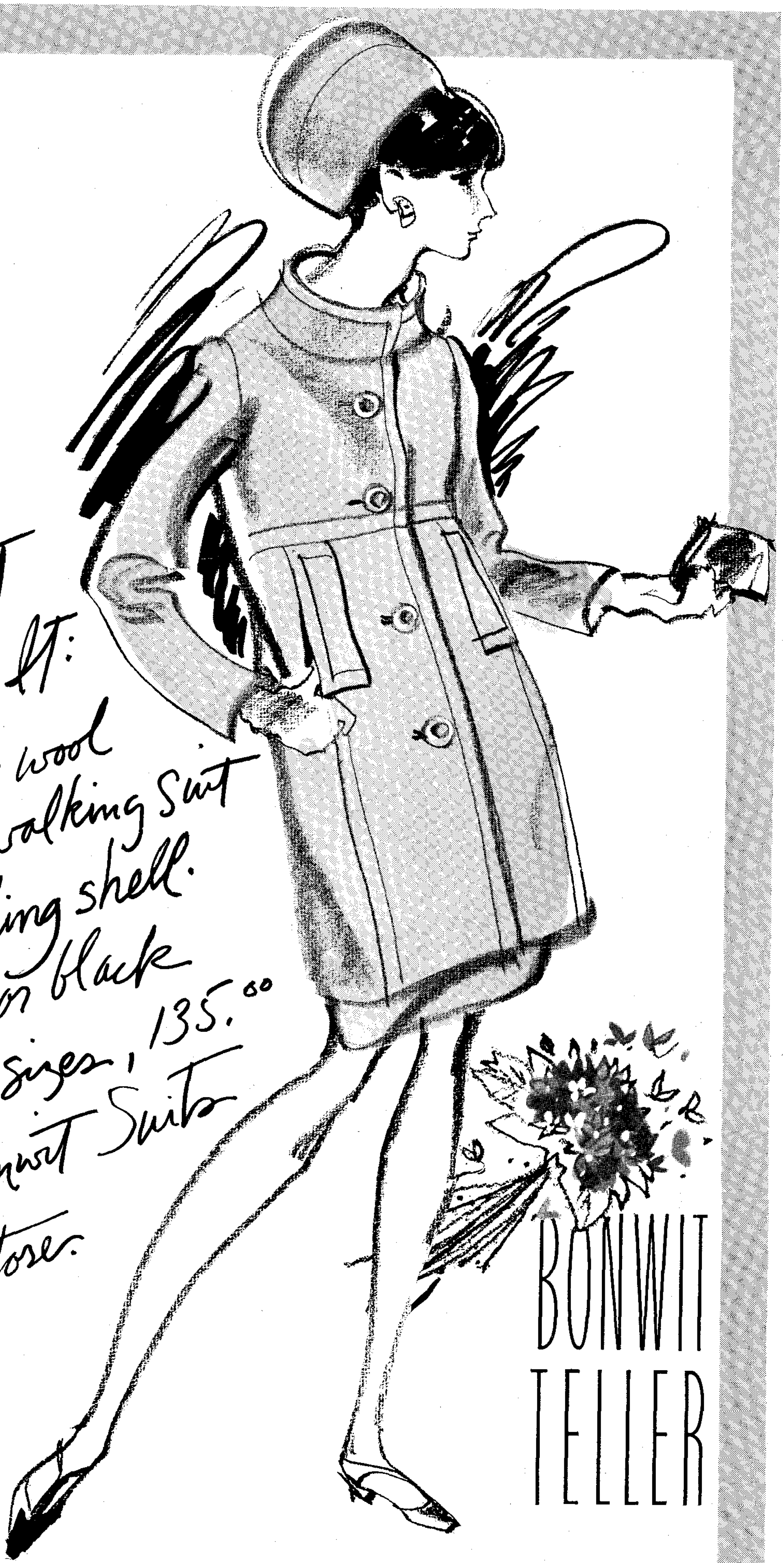

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** A comedy in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Moves on Monday, Aug. 1, to the Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W., CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mame—In a season that hasn't been too well off for musicals, this version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear comes as something of a relief. It has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are vivacious. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi, who will be replaced for two weeks, starting Monday, Aug. 1, by Paul Lipson. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mme. de Pompadour. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SHOW BOAT,** with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 10.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 28-29, at 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**.... ¶ Saturday July 30, at 3 and 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**.... ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 3 and 7:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 2-3, at 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 4-5, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 3 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

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The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Through Saturday, Aug. 6, José Ferrer is substituting for Richard Kiley in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

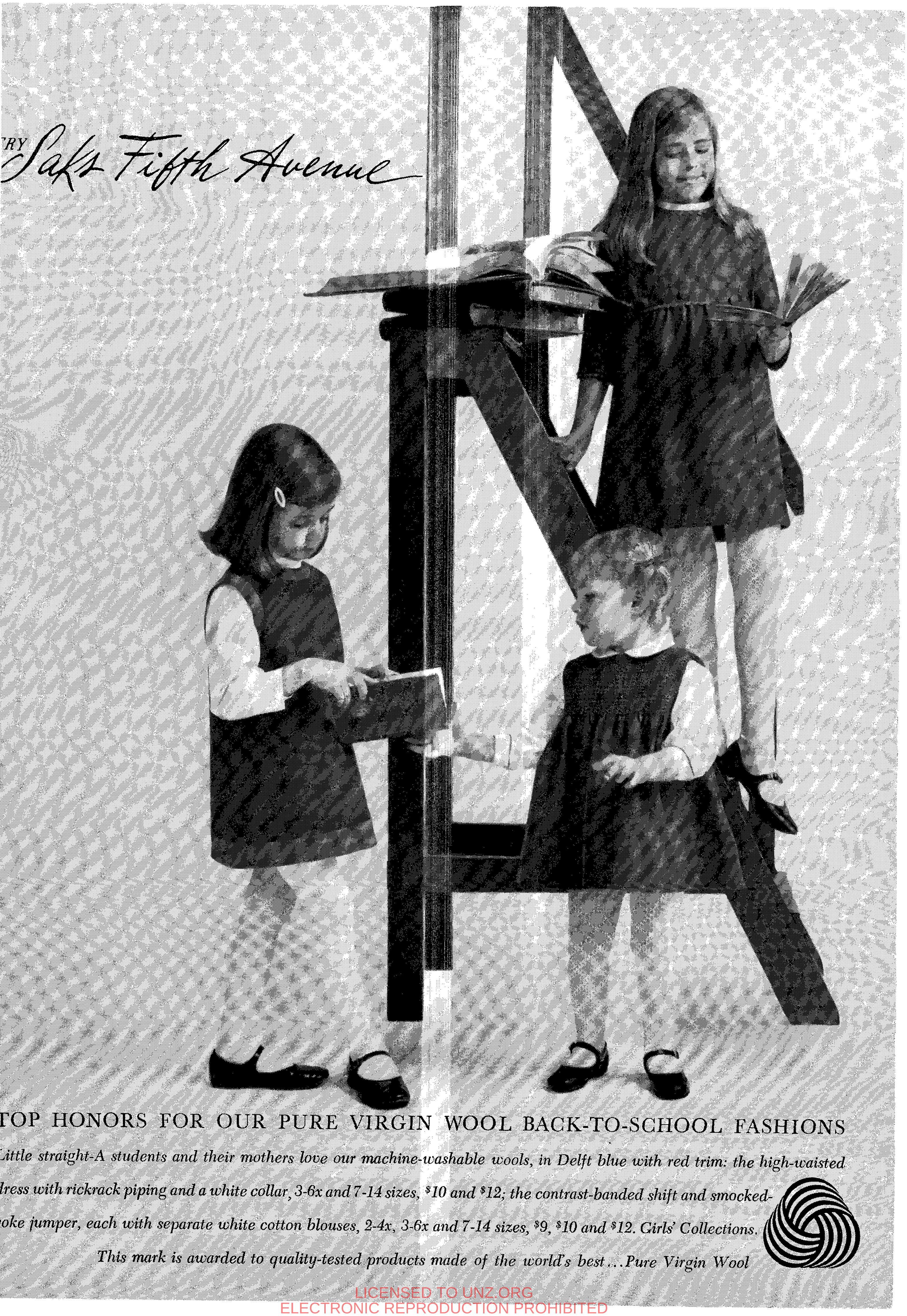
Until the Monkey Comes...—A play by Venable Herndon. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **MEASURE FOR MEASURE,** with Shepperd Strudwick, Barbara Baxley, and Tom Aldredge, will be given through Saturday, July 30.... **KING RICHARD III,** with Joseph Bova, Penny Fuller, and Philip Bosco, will be the

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 23, July 30, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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last in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 3, and will run *through* Saturday, Aug. 27. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, **MARDI GRAS!**, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Dinner and supper in the Royal Box are the times to hear Kaye Stevens, whose manner and ballads represent a cheerful, let's-make-the-best-of-things attitude, and funnyman Ronnie Martin. The orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evenings sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The dance band of Horace Diaz is in among the dinner tables of the new wing, which, candy-striped from head to foot, looks exactly like the late Little Club—and such it actually is, complete in every detail, including Billy Reed, prop. The music goes on from nine to two during the week and from nine to three on Saturdays. Sundays are silent.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall, the wandering minstrel, likes New York in the summer, when it sizzles, and that's how he makes his little band sound in the restaurant. Nine until after the theatre is the idea. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat every night of the week for whoever both dances and dines. Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, sings out every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the songs are sung by Lainie Kazan, a big, good-natured girl, and one who can lead from strength. She is on both the dinner and supper menus on Fridays and Saturdays; ten o'clock is her hour the rest of the week. Plenty of dance music is decanted all along by Mark Monte's revellers and Milt Shaw's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—In the great sunken living room, all out in the open, there is dance music from nine to one every night but Sunday, and the English Grill, on the verge of this concourse, keeps equally late hours.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The architecture revives the great days of steamboating on our inland waterways; the music revives the days when dance bands were big and bountiful and beatific. A band with the Jimmy Dorsey book of orchestrations, and with Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly supplying the lyrics, is there now, and on Monday, Aug. 1, Freddy Martin's rock-candy orchestra will take over. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of all who climb this pinnacle. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band ply their merry trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The starlight under which the guests dance from eight to one every night (Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin assemblage do the honors) is sometimes provided only by planes hopefully looking for Kennedy or LaGuardia, but even so it's a great way to get people outdoors.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays; just across the threshold, a dance trio operates from eight to one on Fridays and Saturdays.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy by customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The occasional singers are nevertheless engrossed at the moment in "Candide." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 2, there will be readings from Shakespeare and Shaw, twice a night, by Philip Huston, along with Elizabethan ballads sung by Mara Worth. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday each week, there is at-your-leisure dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and from nine to one the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Ernie Kemm's piano, and the bumptious choral work of a group called the Menfolk—sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-song, chortles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Charles De Forest, his piano, and his songs are for the dusk-to-dawn dwellers in big cities. He is absent Sundays.

Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, is currently best represented by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot by actual people, frequently (as befits the sound) in space-cadet uniform. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race named the Brotherly Loves (Tuesdays through Thursdays), the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perrin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the keyboard instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. He begins his annual sabbatical on Saturday, July 30, but another violinist will go the course while he is away. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St.

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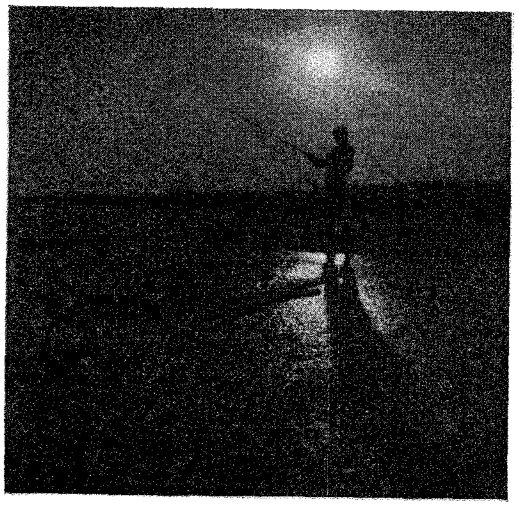

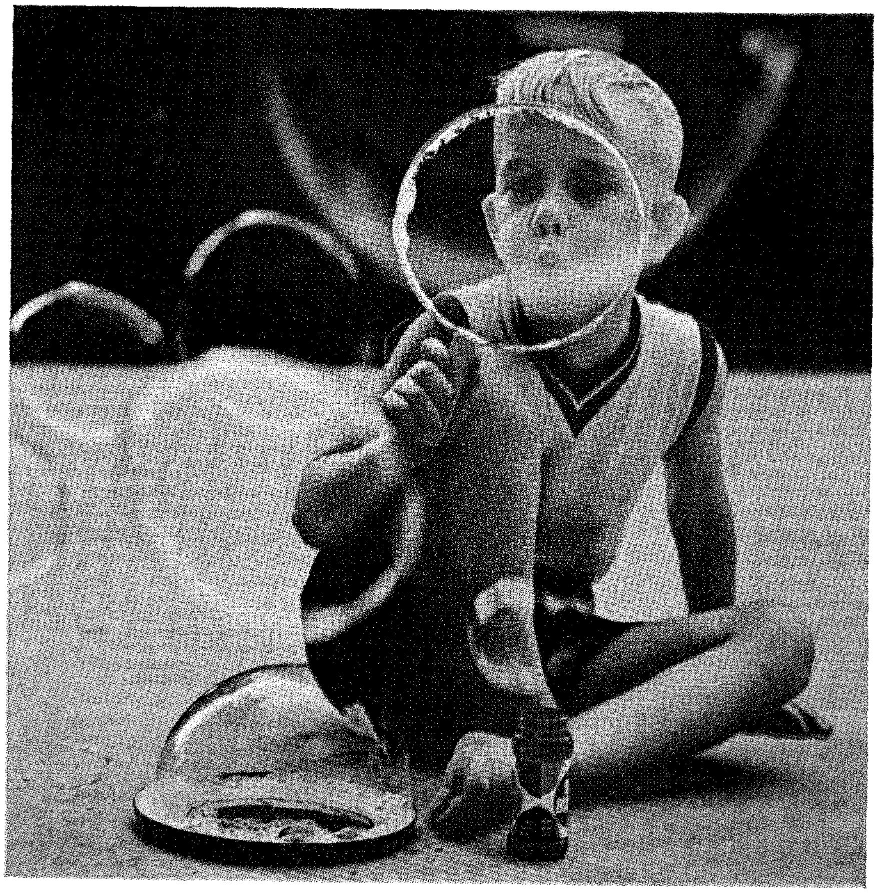

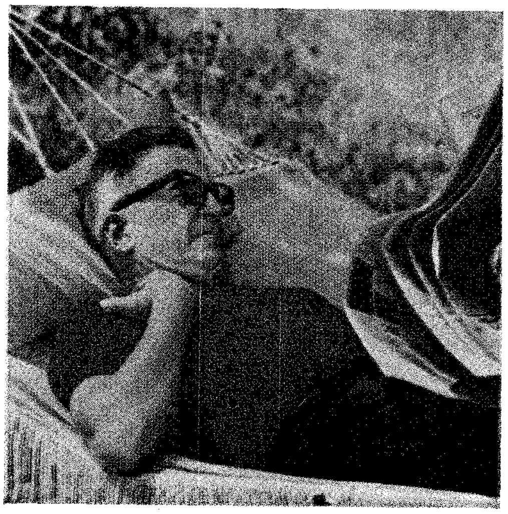

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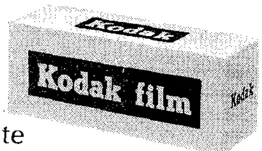

(PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on. Kurt Maier's Viennese piano is available from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. Tony Gorody's well-constructed piano is on approximately the same running time, except on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Paula Wayne, whom everyone should remember because of "Golden Boy," is paying a brief visit. On Thursday, Aug. 4, she will be replaced by an *inconnu* named Marvin Gaye, tenor, and an *inconnu* named Fred Barber, wit. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The population of the new extravaganza, "Oriental Phantasy," certainly hails from farther east than Amagansett. Among other things, there are the Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers, who are famous for their snail's-pace *de deux*, and Nai Bonet, who enjoys throwing her weight around (like all belly dancers). Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting and the music, both of them live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, going back to the days of our collective childhood and of Le Ruban Bleu, is recreating that *hors-concours* variety show, with the aid of himself (as interlocutor), Charlotte Rae (as sportive *diseuse*), Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra (those nimble and nutty Cantabrigians), and others of the sort. The pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements are the background. Miss Rae finishes up on Saturday, July 30; Alice Ghostley, bearing two armfuls of double-take ditties, checks in on Monday, Aug. 1. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Below the Belt," which reviews the last three Upstairs at the Downstairs affairs, gets to work (with a cast of five) at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them does an after-the-theatre turn in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Coleman Hawkins, ancient of days but tireless, is heading up a foursome; the trio of Mose Allison, whose piano offers a lick and plenty of promise, is also on hand. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, they will be replaced by Thelonious Monk, who brings along a foursome, and Bill Evans, who brings along a trio. Every Monday, though, the property reverts to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen able and eager sidemen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a below-stairs cave. Up top, late every evening but Monday, there is the glitter-glitter of the Dave Pike trio and Ron di Salvio's duo. Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. . . . ¶ In the grotto, the octet of Herbie Mann, the indefatigable fifeman, and the Muddy Waters Blues Band occupy the big stage. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, they will yield place to Fats Domino (where has *he* been all these months?), Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and comedian David Frye. Every Monday, down under is occupied instead by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. The sound, extremely cheerful, comes from Al Cohn's quartet the week long, and Jimmy Rushing's robust tenor is also heard Fridays through Sundays. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, Zoot Sims will begin playing along with the Cohns. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean and (usually) of the folk song, which at the moment is represented by the modestly titled Pair Extraordinaire and by Jake Holmes, who likes to make fun of certain obvious faults in the genre. The Uncalled-For 3 are jokers of another sort. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): John Hicks' foursome is making the music now, and Betty Carter is doing the carols. Mondays, visiting groups do all the sounding-off. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Ray Bryant, Cliff Leeman, and the wholly outgoing Ruby Braff. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together (or put asunder) by the

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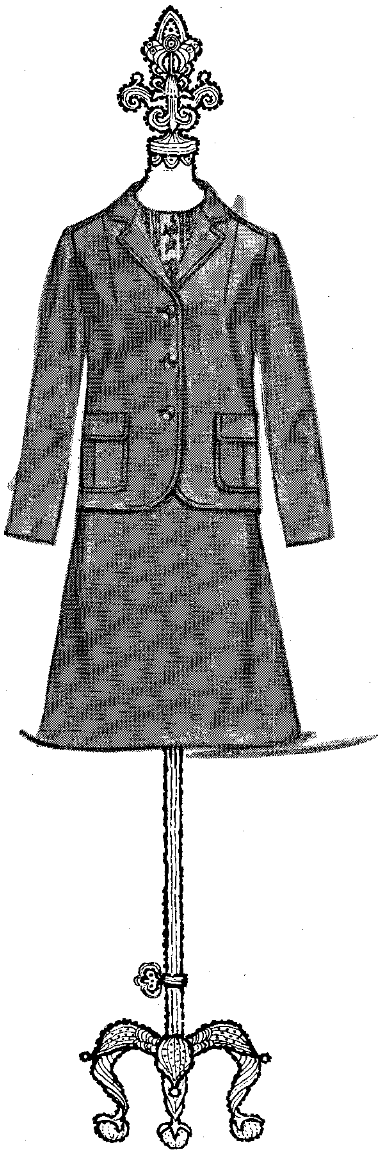

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quintet of Yusef Lateef. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, Lee Morgan's fivesome will inherit the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Emile Bernard and Emile Schuffenecker—Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by both artists, plus three tapestries by Bernard; through Friday, July 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ACA, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . IBM GALLERY, 16 E. 57th St.: Contemporary drawings from the collection of the Saint Paul (Minnesota) Art Center, by such artists as Hans Moller, Chaim Gross, and Ben Shahn; through Aug. 19. . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Paul Cadmus, Robert Vickrey, and Nathan Hale (to mention a few); through Aug. 26. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Ernest Lawson, Aaron Bohrod, and Luigi Lucioni are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through Friday, July 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the MARLBOROUGH-GERSON, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Sept. 9. . . . SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Renoir; through Aug. 31.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Etienne Martin are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings on the theme "Of River and Sea" by (for instance) Bonnard, Monet, and Boudin; through Friday, July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures from private New York collections, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties—from Corot to Picasso and Marino Marini; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils by Henri Matisse, showing the progression of his styles from 1899 to 1953; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of abstract sculptures and drawings by Reuben Nakian; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings, from 1735 to the present, by Goya, Rouault, George Grosz, William Gropper, and others; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now vanished from the New York scene. (Weekdays, except Thursday and Friday, July 28-29, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Current happenings in Op and Pop Art, as represented by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rivers, and others, along with a less startling showing of such artists as Matisse, Modigliani, and Chagall, from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, six examples of the work of Alexander Liberman—large intertwining shavings of welded steel; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through Friday, July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through Friday, July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through Friday, July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A delightful little showing of sketches, studies, preliminary drawings, and letters of Beatrix Potter. Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, and Mr. Jeremy Fisher—they're all there. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

Mozart Festival at Philharmonic Hall—Opening performances of a four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs that will run through Saturday, Aug. 27—Monday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Werner Torkanowsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Szymon Goldberg, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Werner Torkanowsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Mr. Badura-Skoda. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: The Guarneri String Quartet, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Werner Torkanowsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Mr. Badura-Skoda. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Ralph Kirkpatrick, playing the harpsichord, piano, and "Mozart pianoforte.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 11:30: Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra.

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—LEWISOHN STADIUM: Friday, July 29: Silvio Varviso directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Aida" in concert form, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Irene Dalis, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: Tito Puente and his orchestra in a program of Latin-American music, with Celia Cruz and Ruth Fernandez. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 2: John Green conducting the Metropolitan Opera orchestra in an all-Gershwin program, with Hans Boepple, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3: Franz Allers conducting the Metropolitan Opera orchestra in a program of Viennese music, with soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5: Joseph Rosenstock directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" in concert form, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and Raymond Michalski, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Ignace Strasfogel conducting the orchestra, with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet performing "Les Sylphides," "Echoing of Trumpets," and "La

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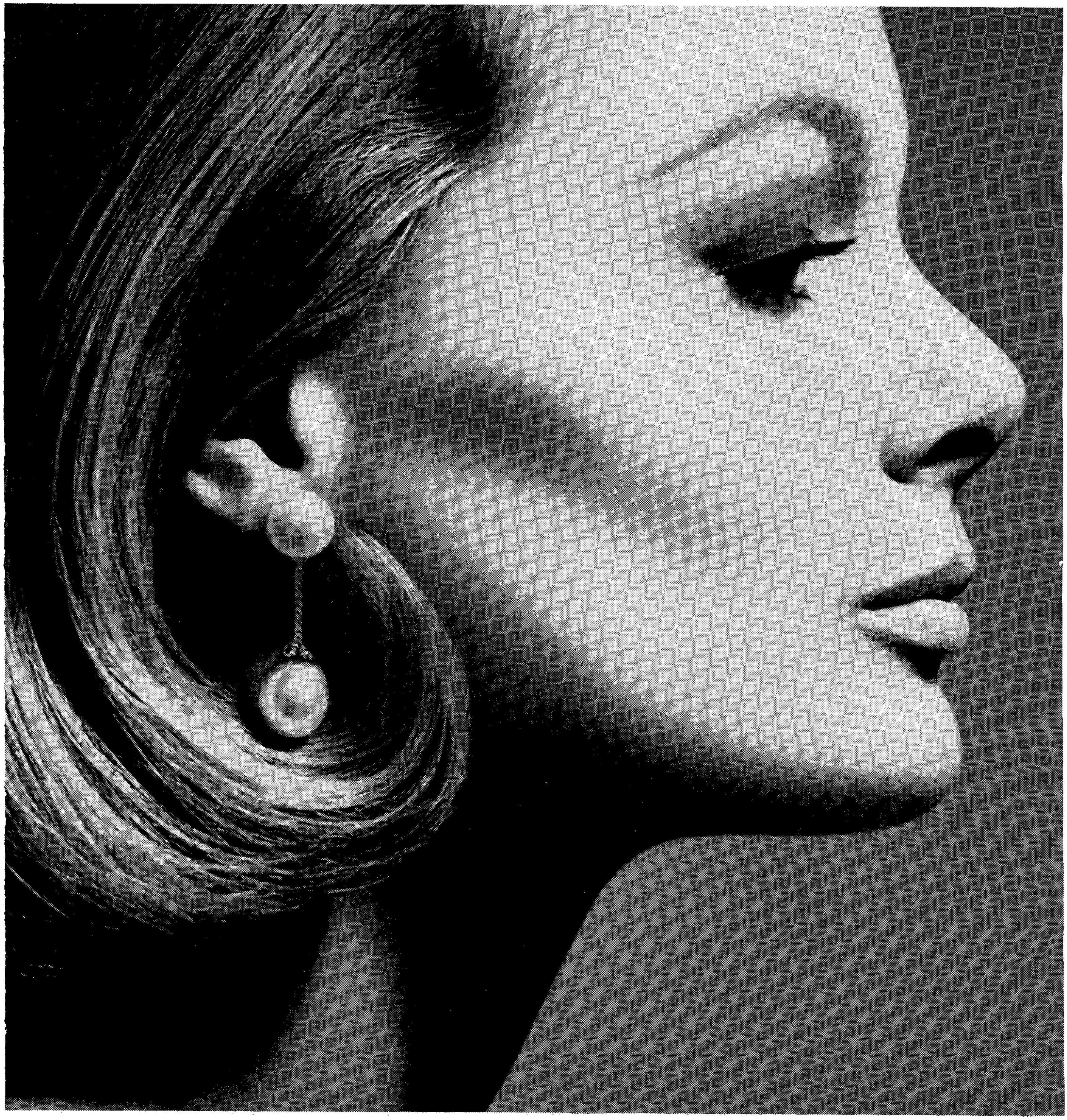

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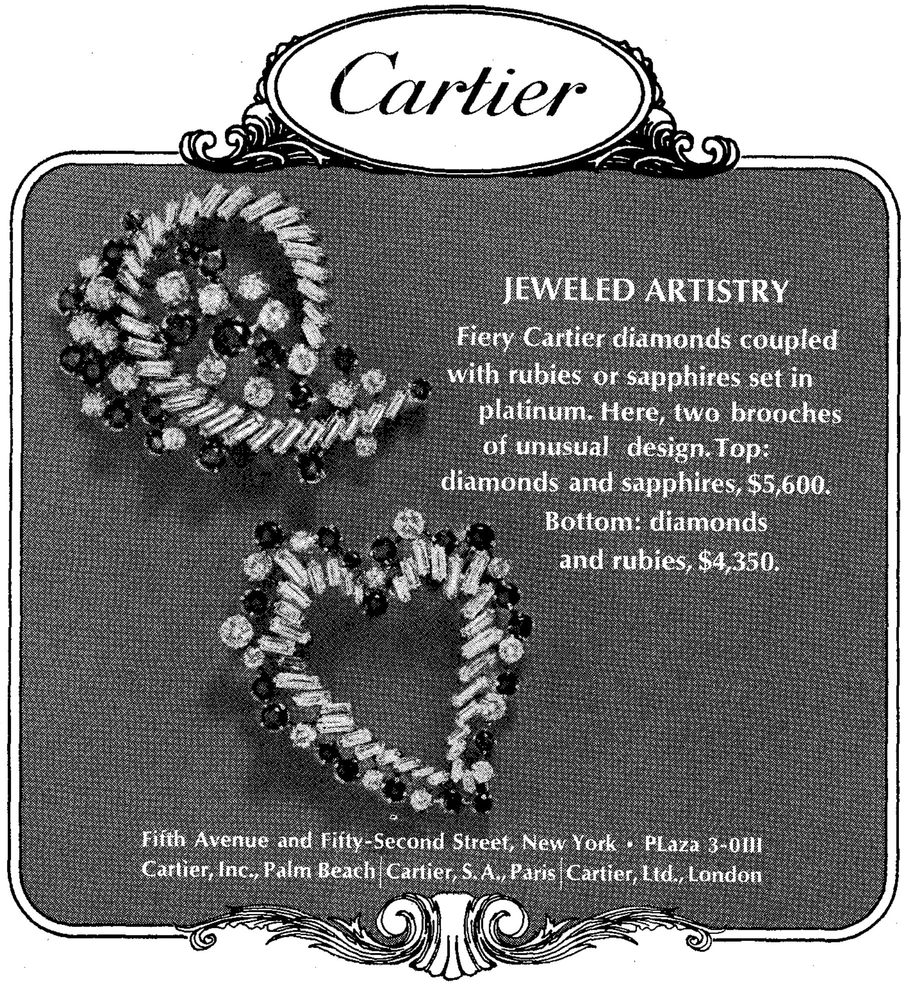

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ventana." (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 13.) . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Lukas Foss conducting the New York Philharmonic in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Marian Anderson, narrator. (Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30.) . . . CENTRAL PARK MALL: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 14. Abraham Kaplan will share in the conducting on Friday, July 29.) . . . ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, July 28, at 8: "Otello." . . . Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the third in a series of four weekly concerts, this one with Luci Guaiardo, soprano. (Saturday, July 30, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Thomas Dunn conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Mitchell Andrews, piano. (Sunday, July 31, at 8:30.) . . . WOLLMAN RINK: A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays at 8:30, jazz; Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Fridays at 8:30, folk music; and Saturday, July 30, at 8 and 10, pop music. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.) . . . EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE (near Grand St.): Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; through Aug. 11. Abraham Kaplan will share in the conducting on July 28.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 28, at 8:30: The Saints and Sinners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: The Bill Evans trio. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 29, at 7: An all-Schumann program performed by Claude Frank, piano; Lilian Kallir, piano; James Stagliano, horn; Ara Berberian, bass; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Miss Kallir and Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 2:30: Thomas Schippers conducting, with Mr. Frank. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Stan Getz, saxophone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 7: An all-Mozart program performed by Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony, with Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" in concert form, with Judith Raskin, Jane Marsh, and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Nico Castel and George Shirley, tenors; John Reardon, baritone; Ara Berberian and Ezio Flagello, basses; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 21.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET: Thursday, July 28: "Episodes," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday, July 29: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Brahms Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31: "Episodes," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." (Evenings at 8:30.) . . . PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA: Opening performances of a three-week season that will run through Wednesday, Aug. 24. Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Beethoven program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass; the Capitol Hill Choral Society; and the Cornell University Glee Club and Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting a Schubert-

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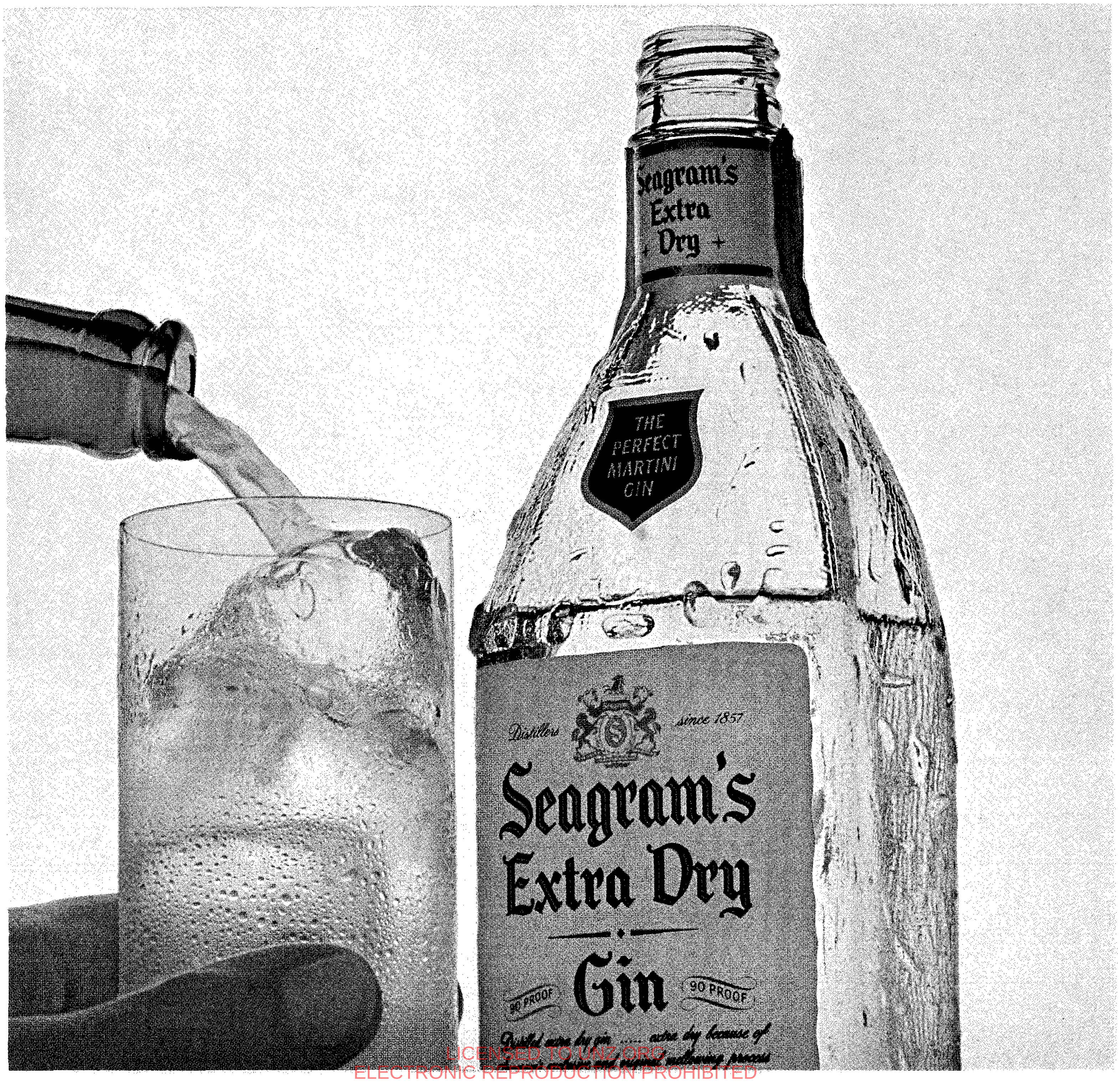
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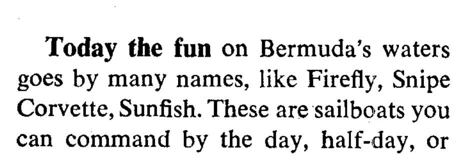

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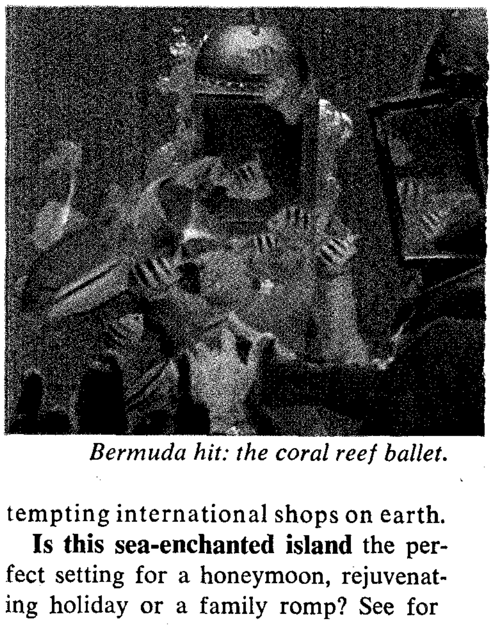

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Bermuda

Strauss program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Van Cliburn, *piano*. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 3: William Steinberg conducting an all-Wagner program, with James King, *tenor*. (Saratoga Springs.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 30, at 3:30: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. (Lenox, Mass.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 30: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-6: Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez; Myra Kinch and her company, with Celene Keller and Christopher Lyall; and Sahomi Tachibana. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, July 29, at 8; Saturday, July 30, at 8 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at about 7 and will include a couple of innings involving Jackie Robinson, Dom DiMaggio, Allie Reynolds, and other major-league stars who participated in the 1950 All-Star game); and Sunday, July 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 1-3, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 4, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 5, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 6, at 2:15.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Through Friday, July 29.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 4-7.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 6.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club**, Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field**, Farmingdale, L. I.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. . . . **saratoga**: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 1, through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 1; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 3; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 4; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. The Sorority, Saturday, July 30, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, July 31.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, July 29), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Festival from India—The American première of Satyajit Ray's film "Kanchenjungha" (performances nightly at 6 and 8), plus exhibits of Indian paintings, sculptures and photographs of sculptures, musical instruments, and textiles, as well as a ten o'clock concert by Ali Akbar Khan, sarode player. (Philharmonic Hall. Through Sunday, July 31. For information about tickets and prices, call TR 4-2424.)

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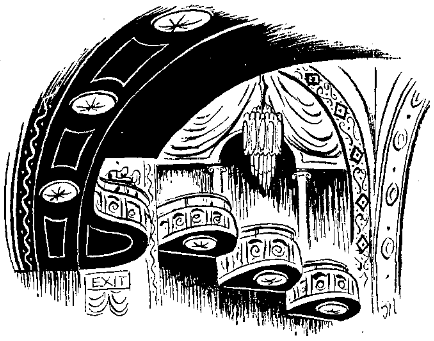
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Fine Madness—Sean Connery, Patrick O'Neal, and others help to salvage this comedy about an impulsive poet from the director's mistakes. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Aug. 2.)

Khartoum—Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier are enemies in a historical blockbuster about General Gordon of the Sudan. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman, in a comedy that the director, Peter Ustinov, evidently doesn't expect us to believe, perhaps because he wrote the witty, flimsy screenplay. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; the theatre will be closed the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1-2.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Mandragola—A light, unpretentious, and very decorative satire set in Florence in 1500 and based on a bawdy comedy by Machiavelli. Among the targets, each of which is hit squarely, are cuckoldry, complacency, chastity, and corruption. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 31. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Aug. 3.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 2.)

The Naked Prey—An African adventure story, which, after the first fifteen minutes, it is hard to tell takes place in the last century, because no one, including Cornel Wilde, wears much. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully well acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 3.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 2.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. With an English narration. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 2.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen, and the reduction of its length from three hours to two is all to the good. Ernest Lehman is responsible for the skillful adaptation. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 3.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through July 31.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 29.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 1-2.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 1.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 28.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 28.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

How to Murder Your Wife (1965)—George Axelrod's survey of holy wedlock. With Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, and Terry-Thomas. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 2.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 2.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—Still more Marx Brothers, here cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A quasi-documentary film about an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and acted by Peter Kastner. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 29-Aug. 1.)

Nothing But a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 2.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 3, tentative.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 29-31.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's portrait of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 28.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 1-2.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's account of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Aug. 2.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—Fields again, this time with Alison Skipworth and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 29.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 28.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 29-Aug. 1. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 3, tentative.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—July 28 at 2, 5:30, and 8; July 29 at 2 and 5:30; and July 30 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Reaching for the Moon" (1931), with Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ July 31-Aug. 2, showings at 2 and 5:30: "The Lost Squadron" (1932), with Erich von Stroheim and Richard Dix. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor. . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through July 29: "Seven Sinners" (1940), with Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ July 30-31: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Aug. 2-3: "Seven Sweethearts" (1942), with Kathryn Grayson and Van Heflin. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A FINE MADNESS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE NAKED PREY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Aug. 2: "Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.
From Aug. 3: "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 2: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET,** a Czechoslovakian film.
From Aug. 3: **MORGAN!**

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival; and **HELP!,** revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 2: **MY FAIR LADY.**
From Aug. 3: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET,** a Czechoslovakian film; and **BILLY LIAR,** revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 2: **A FINE MADNESS.**
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Uncle," Rupert Davies.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 31: **MORGAN!**
From Aug. 1: "Mademoiselle," Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
July 28: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT,** revival; and **HELP!,** revival.
July 29-31: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
Aug. 1-2: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 3: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET,** a Czechoslovakian film; and another feature, to be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Alphabet Murders," Tony Randall, Anita Ekberg.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 2: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS;** and "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From Aug. 3 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER,** revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 2: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,** revival.
From Aug. 3: "A Man Called Adam," Sammy Davis, Ossie Davis; and "The Main Chance," Gregoire Aslan, Tracy Reed.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 28: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
July 29-Aug. 1: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE,** revival; *and* ***THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG*** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 2: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through July 31: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 1-2: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
From Aug. 3: "Red River," revival, Montgomery Clift, John Wayne; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 2: **TO DIE IN MADRID;** and "To Love" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
From Aug. 3: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET,** a Czechoslovakian film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LADY L. (The theatre will be closed the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1-2.)

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 3 (tentative): "I'm No Angel" and "She Done Him Wrong" (both revivals, with Mae West and Cary Grant).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 1: "Bambi," revival, a Walt Disney full-length film; and "Those Calloways," revival, Brian Keith, Vera Miles.
Aug. 2: "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "Words and Music," revival, June Allyson, Judy Garland.
From Aug. 3: "Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.," Dick Van Dyke, Nancy Kwan.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 2: **A FINE MADNESS.**
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Aug. 2: "Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.
From Aug. 3: "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MANDRAGOLA (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Enough Rope" (in French), Gert Frobe, Marina Vlady.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 28: **THE TRIAL,** revival; and "Landru" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan.
July 29: **A DAY AT THE RACES,** revival; and **TILLIE AND GUS,** revival.
July 30: **MONKEY BUSINESS,** revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival.
July 31: **IT'S A GIFT,** revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS,** revival.
Aug. 1: **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French), revival; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.
Aug. 2: **NOTHING BUT A MAN,** revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Aug. 3: "Crack in the World," revival, Dana Andrews, Janette Scott; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 2: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE,** revival; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From Aug. 3: "A Man Called Adam," Sammy Davis, Ossie Davis; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 28: "The Lady with the Dog" and "Dimka" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 29: "Rotten to the Core," revival, Anton Rodgers; and "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
July 30: **THE PUMPKIN EATER,** revival; and "The Visit," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
July 31: Prokofieff's "Cinderella," "Fountains of Bakhskisarai," and "Little Humpbacked Horse" (all Russian revivals, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet).
Aug. 1: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
Aug. 2: **NIGHT AND FOG,** revival; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
Aug. 3: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); plus ten Disney cartoons.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

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RESERVE

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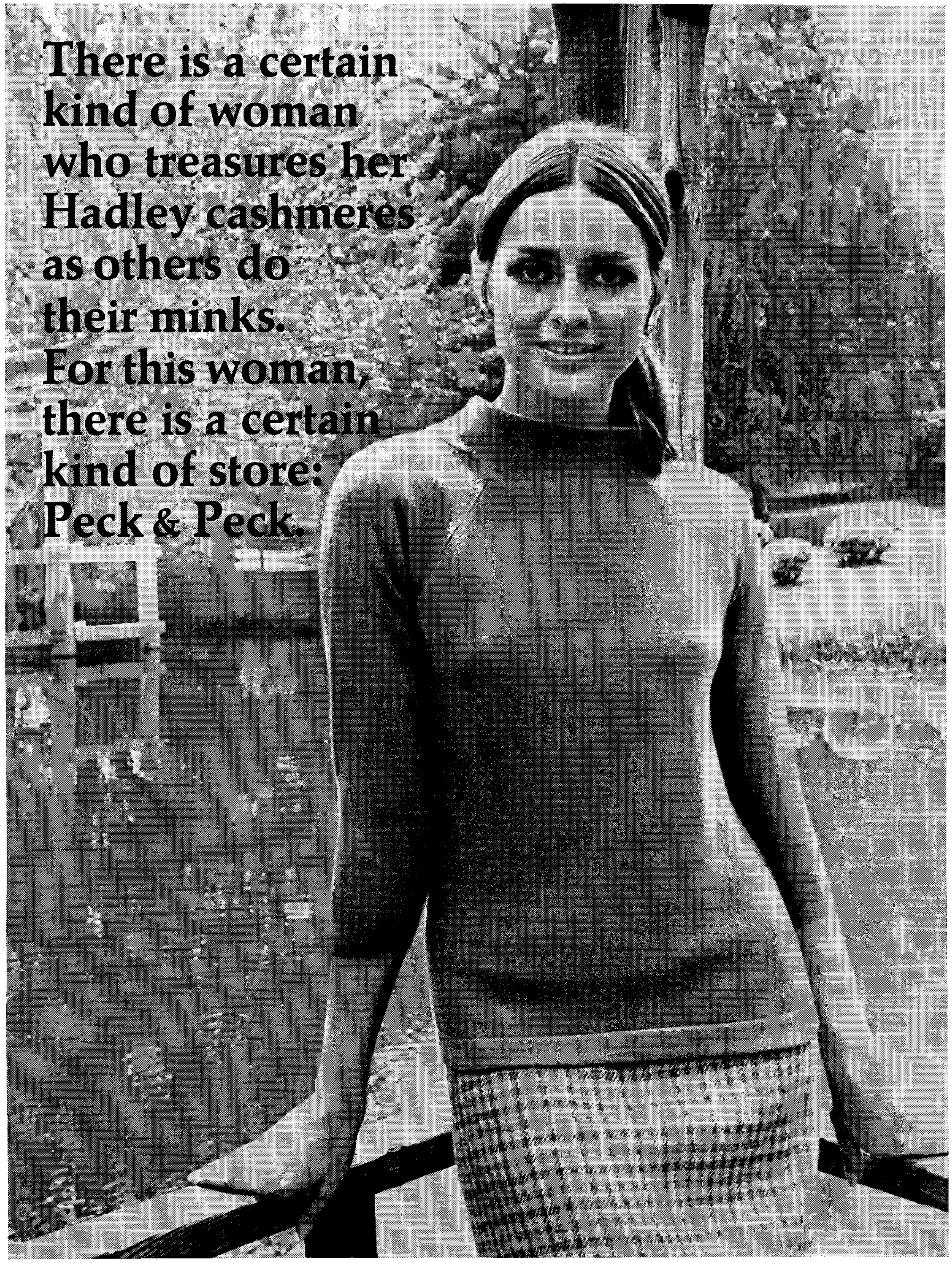
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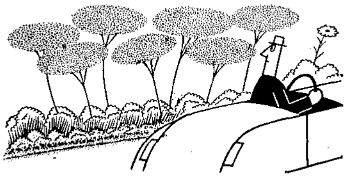
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have discovered, in our casual summer glimpses of the countryside, that this is a year in which flowers are craning over fences at us, rather than vice versa, and the handiest explanation is that this year's weather in the Northeast—an abnormally dry April, during which roots had to forage widely for moisture, followed by the heaviest May rainfall of several seasons—has been such as to produce an unusual legginess in plant growth. The tall meadow rue, which has a normal capacity for growing taller than anything in its vicinity, has been growing even taller than usual; buttercups, in their June season, were spread high across the pastures; Queen Anne's lace, when it made its appearance early in July, unfurled its white parasols on stems that looked perilously long and languid. From the present height of the flowers, we can tell that the milkweed-pod explosions of next autumn are going to seem more like tufts of cloud than like anything grown from the earth. We are still in doubt about the eventual height of some of those sixty varieties of goldenrod whose blooms are likely to come under our inspection later on, but we are betting they will grow closer to the sun than before. Only the vervain, normally the tallest of the summer herbs, has been holding back, as if it were still spent from its exertions in 1965, when it had an extraordinary year, both for height and for its blue density. Otherwise, the 1966 tendency to spindle has spread beyond the flowers of the fields and roadsides. There have been complaints about supposedly safely domesticated rosebushes that have suddenly shot illogical, suckerlike plumes toward the sky and about tomato vines that would rather climb than bear. As for yucca, yucca blooms float so far above the lawns that they seem to have been cut free by a careless swipe of the sword leaves clustered below. In a lifetime, they tell us, there will never come one year with roadsides and fields and fences and gardens exactly like those of another.



New Library

“SIGHTS, sounds, a world of magic and make-believe, a world peopled by the creators, the performers, and you!” said a voice from above, while in front of us twenty-one small screens flashed on and off in a rapidly shifting and mildly bewildering cinematic production that included glimpses of the Keystone Cops, Sean Connery, Leontyne Price, the Moiseyev Dance Company, Liberace, and other performing artists. We were at Lincoln Center, standing in a small, open-sided theatre in the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, the newest branch of the New York Public Library, having come for a look at what, according to one of the library's brochures, “marks a new departure in the evolution of the free public library,” because “its elements are all familiar, but their combination is unique.” The new library was designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill as an addition to the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, which was designed by Eero Saarinen. (The library fits unobtrusively around two sides of the theatre and across its top.) The walls and floors of the library are off-white, its furnishings have a hint of the Bauhaus about them, and its lighting is ample while giving the impression of being subdued. We had entered the building on the Lincoln Center Plaza level, and from the open-sided theatre we walked down a long, spacious gallery to a carpeted area where several people seated in black vinyl-coated lounge chairs were listening through earphones to records playing on stereophonic equipment that was mounted in drum-shaped tables at their sides. We paused at some tall display cases to look at a bottle once used by Jenny Lind and at a lock of Edwin Booth's hair, circumnavigated a hat in the form of a ship that was once worn by a “Ziegfeld Follies” girl, and found ourself facing a suit of armor once worn by John Barrymore. After passing an exhibit called “Circus,” which traced the history of that form of entertainment from 2000 B.C. to the present, we glanced into the main reading room, which is large and has white metal stacks, and then climbed a stairway with a glass-and-bronze balustrade to the second floor, where the Children's Library is situated. Beyond the Heckscher Oval—an enclosed theatre in which children can see puppet shows and the like—we came upon a man, a woman, and a towheaded boy sitting at a round white table. The man was reading aloud, with feeling, “ ‘I know an old lady who swallowed a bird,/Now, how absurd, to swallow a bird!’ ” The towheaded boy looked engrossed.

Next, we made our way to the main gallery, a large, high-ceilinged room with two walls of travertine and two of glass, which is the heart of the museum, as distinct from the library. (The two facilities overlap in the new building. The New York Public Library has contributed its permanent collections on music, the theatre, and the dance. The city supports the museum and the general—or lending—library and also maintains the building. Most of the money used in the construction of the building—it cost a total of nine million dollars—came from the city. The Public Library is responsible for managing both the library and the museum.) In lounge areas separated by bookcases of English oak, more people were seated in black vinyl chairs listening to records, and around them were a number of photic, phonic, and kinetic exhibits. We picked up a small white plastic device known as a Hearphone and heard a polished voice saying, "Goethe's treatment of Faust is influenced by the belief that the striving after perfection is more important than the attainment of it. Boito's Faust, a restless philosopher, is the nearest to Goethe's Faust." We put the Hearphone back in a holder, went on to visit another small theatre, in which half a dozen people were watching a film of Martha Graham and her company, and then entered an exhibit area where a sign asked "Why Repertory?" Having learned why ("to build a repertoire of plays otherwise rarely available to the public," among other things), we obtained a pass for the research library, which we reached by taking an elevator to the third floor. We stepped out of the elevator to find ourself in a windowless world, with controlled temperature and humidity, where expanses of metal and glass were set off by crimson carpets on the floors. A wall of plate glass separated the elevator area from the theatre collection, in which several people were reading and making notes. We looked in on the dance and music divisions, which both have display areas and commodious reading rooms, and then visited the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives of Recorded Sound, where we selected a couple of recorded sounds from a card catalogue. A very cheerful librarian showed us to a soundproof listening post and supplied us with enormous earphones, whereby we were treated to a disc recording of the human heart, followed by a tape of "Norma" recorded during a performance at Covent Garden. Though the disc and the tape were being played in the basement, or B level, five floors below, we were able to control the entire performance ourself, by means of dials and buttons.

From the R. and H. Archives we took an elevator to A level, four floors below, and had a look at a two-hundred-seat auditorium and an exhibition gallery. Then, back on the Lincoln Plaza level, we visited the Sales Shop and discovered that we could buy four matchbooks, each bearing a photograph of a different Beatle on its cover, for a dollar and a quarter; a reproduction of a poster advertising the "Tragique Histoire d'Hamlet Prince de Danemark," with Sarah Bernhardt, for four-fifty; and a music box in the shape of a calliope, for ten ninety-five. When the music box was wound up, it played "The Colonel Bogey March."

Quick Change

A Well-Travelled man we know was sunning himself recently on a Moroccan beach and watching the heavily robed, hooded, and veiled Mohammedan women go by. One of them suddenly slipped from the pack and headed for a small bathhouse. A few minutes later, she emerged onto the bright sand wearing a bikini.

Vacation

An acquaintance of ours, William Willis, seventy-two, sailed for England the other day in an eleven-and-a-half-foot boat (taking no fresh water with him), and we were down early at the Twenty-third Street marina on the East River to see him off. We had first met him last fall, upon his return from Australia, after he had made a solo trip across the Pacific on a steel raft. He had spent a longer period alone at sea than anyone ever had before, as far as is known. In the timelessness of the open sea, the only appearance of change on the raft was in a kitten that Mr. Willis had brought aboard in Peru; it was a full-grown cat when he had to put into Samoa for repairs, a hundred and thirty days later. At the time of our fall meeting, Mr. Willis had just been given honorary master's papers for sailing ships by the commandant of the Coast Guard. We had lunch with Willis and his wife, Teddy, and both of them were in high spirits. "Now we can really call him Captain!" Mrs. Willis exclaimed, referring to a practice her husband had been discouraging over the years, since he had never been a captain. Captain Willis smiled benevolently. A broad-shouldered man of medium height, he has light-blue eyes, graying light-brown hair, and a white beard and mustache. Wind and sun have tanned and wrinkled his face. He has a sunny smile and a jaunty air.

At our fall meeting, we asked Captain Willis if he ever took anyone with him on his voyages—Mrs. Willis, for instance.

He shook his head. "So many people write and say they would like to come on my next trip," he said. "And I tell them politely that if I take someone with me it is no longer unusual, an adventure—there is no challenge left. No, I never take anyone."

We noted a slight lilt in Captain Willis's speech, and asked where he came from.

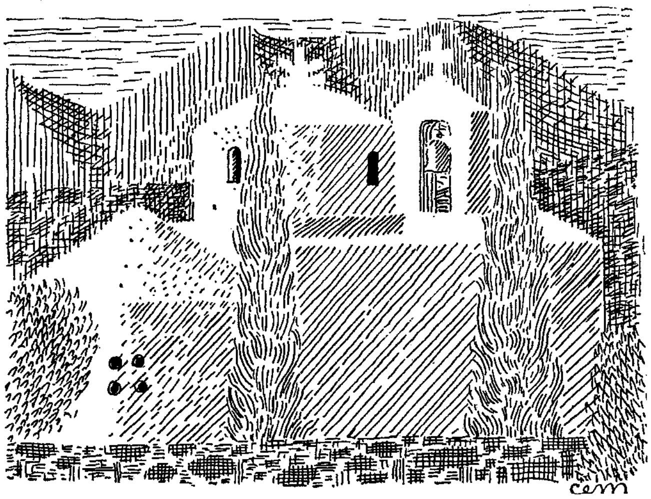
"Hamburg," he said. "My father was German; my mother was Czech. I went to sea in 1908, on a square-rigger, around the Horn—a hundred and sixty-eight days from Hamburg to Santa Rosalía. When I was on the square-riggers, I talked to old-timers who had jumped ship, and decided that America was the best country to be in. I returned to Hamburg and took a British tramp steamer. I got my mother and my brothers over here in 1912. I've never been back to Hamburg. I have no relatives there. I jumped ship in Galveston and I lived on barges for a while, loading cotton."

We asked how he had come to take up sailing alone.

"I've always been at the frontiers—California, Alaska, and so on. Now there are fewer and fewer things that are not too easy for a man to do. To do something easy would be to submit to old age. That I will never do. Not a chance." He shook his head vigorously. "I am going to make a trip next summer. Something different. Perhaps across the Atlantic."

As we left the restaurant, Captain Willis said he wanted a walk, and we watched him disappear down the street at a vigorous clip, perfectly erect, a spring in his step, Mrs. Willis on his starboard arm.

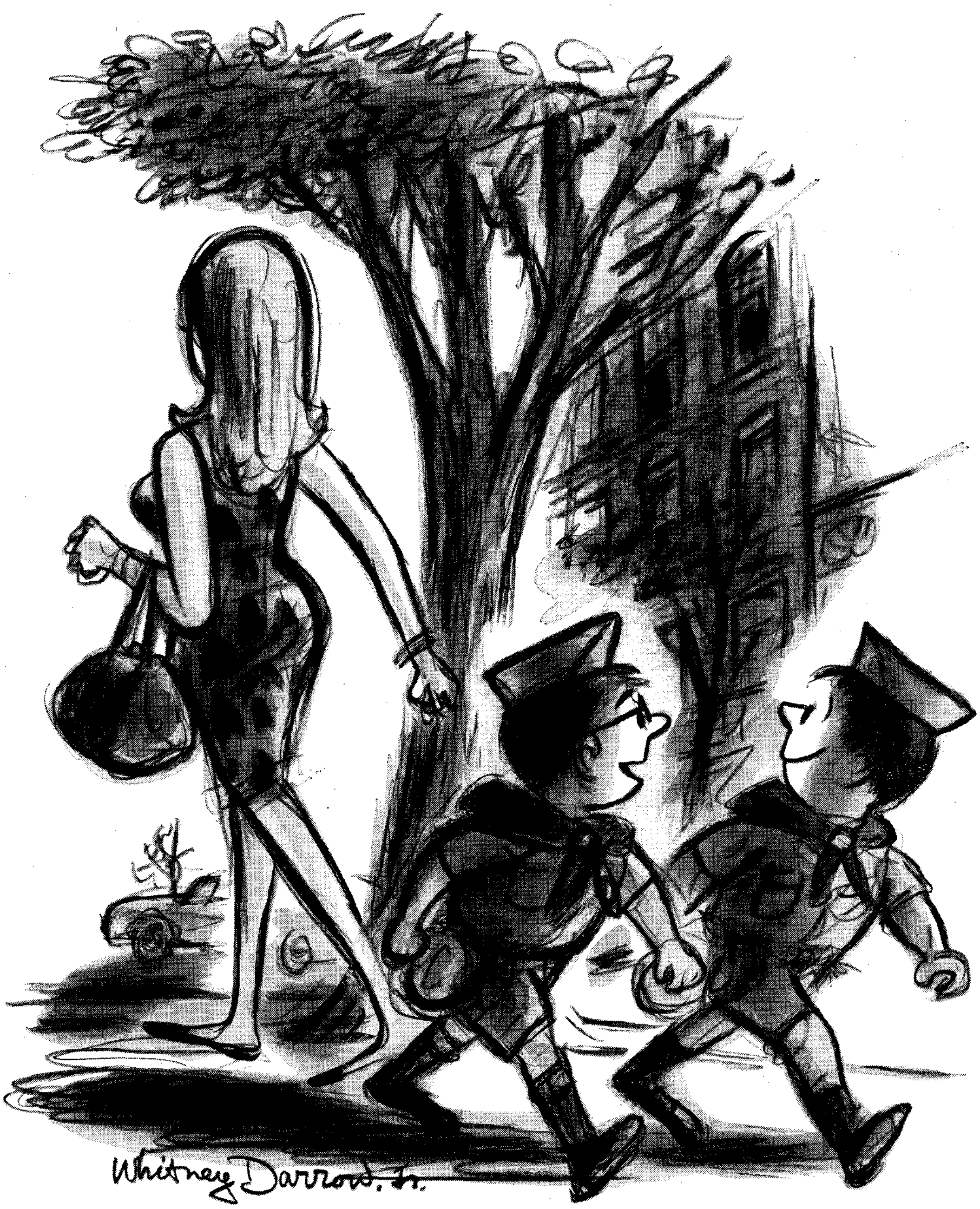
When we arrived at the marina the other day, the



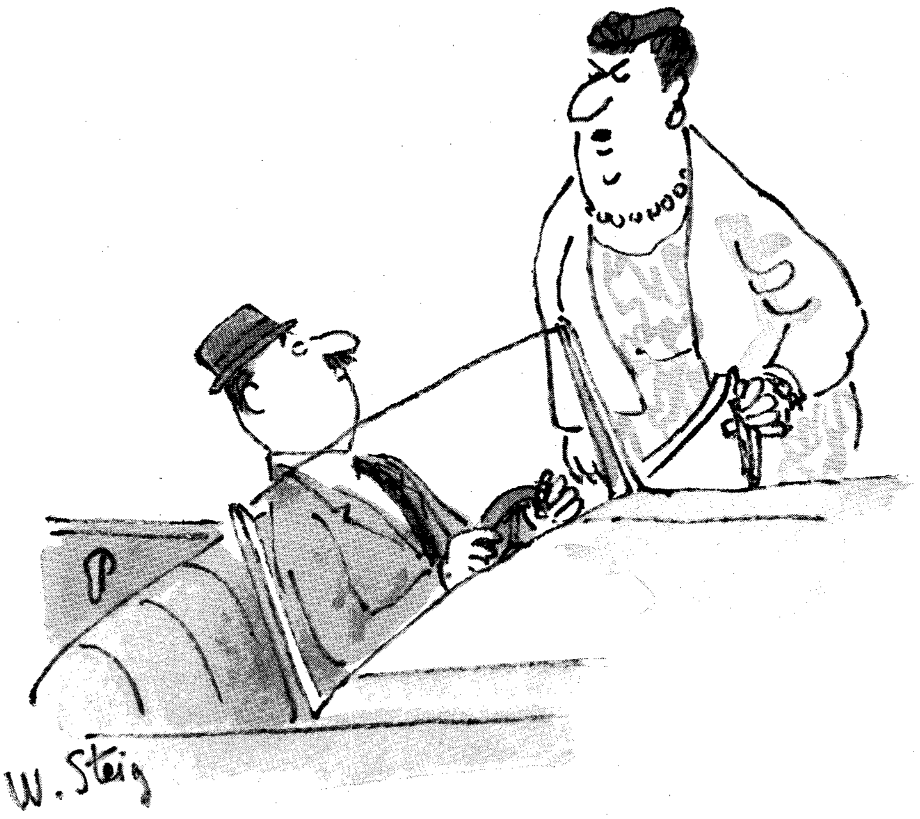
sun was bright and a northerly wind was coming down the river. At first, we didn't see Captain Willis's boat, but we saw Mrs. Willis standing on a float, and our eye was finally led—between a large Chris-Craft named Big Beaut and another heavyweight—to a tiny coracle, whose two masts scarcely reached Big Beaut's bridge. Captain Willis came out of the marina building, appearing rosy and fit and hard to hold back, and we greeted both Willises. He looked as jaunty as ever, and the spring in his step was, if anything, stronger. We looked for the boat's name, and Captain Willis said it was Little One. He stood, apparently quite calm and in no hurry, on the float beside Little One, whose small deck was piled with gear, and told us he would sail at slack tide. "A tug, the Sheila Moran, will tow me out beyond the Narrows and let me go," he said. "I think it should be a long passage. I can't hope for less than fifty days. I may be held up three or four days by rough weather, especially near the English Channel. The blunt bow she has is not for speed, but it's very good for heaving to or riding out. It's like the bow of a junk or a dory. She was built in Massachusetts. A few of us worked on the design—what is called a cat yawl. It was popular in the nineteenth century. She's double-planked—a half inch thick. No fibre glass. No, no. Unless there's a hurricane, or a piece of wreckage and I drive on it and have a hole, it's definitely my fault if something goes wrong. I could be dismasted, but, if handled right, this is as good as a larger ship. In a big ship, you're apt to lose your judgment. I have no engine, and that's an advantage. With an engine, you want to go against the sea; I will just ride it out like a seagull. The sea changes from minute to minute. I know what the sea can do and I know I have to go with it."

Captain Willis put his hands in his pockets and lifted his face to the sky, turning toward the wind. "The big danger will be being run down by steamers," he continued. "I'm going the great-circle route, and I will be in the steamer lanes the whole time. I'll sleep a half hour to forty-five minutes at a stretch, during the day only. Long sleep isn't necessary—except in the city, where you're under nervous strain and have to recuperate. The ships can avoid me easier than I can them, and I have distress flares with me to attract their attention. I have a transmitter, which operates only on the distress frequencies—it was given me by Lord Nelson, chairman of the Marconi Company—and I have two sextants, two chronometers, and a transistor radio, to get time signals for my navigation. There will be enough to do working the boat to keep me busy all day. I have an extra set of three sails, and another sail—square—which I can set if the wind is right behind."

We asked the Captain if he would fish for food, and he said emphatically, "No, there will be no blood on the deck from fish. I'm carrying whole wheat with me, and I'll eat three spoonfuls three times a day. I'll drink milk and half a cup of seawater a day. That's my liquid. I'm interested in seeing the effects of salt water on the body and in experimenting with very simple food. In 1954, on my first raft trip across the Pacific, I lost my fresh water and had nothing but salt water for four thousand miles. I'm also carrying some honey and olive oil, and coffee and tea, which I can make on the Sterno sometimes." Captain Willis paused and looked about him at the river. "This is simply the way of my life," he went on. "When I came back last year, I said I would make a trip this year. Now the time has come. A boat will be easier than the raft, which would have been


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I've been noticing lately, Wilbur, you're losing your interest in knots."



"I'll take the wheel."

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handled best by four men. This will be a vacation trip for me. I can raise these sails with one hand!" He sounded amazed. "I can handle the boat sitting down! The smallest boats are the cheapest also. Even so, this was more than I could afford."

Four television crews had arrived and were setting their cameras up on the float alongside Little One. Captain Willis was soon backed aboard his boat, where the cameramen asked him to handle different pieces of paraphernalia.

We turned to Mrs. Willis, who was hovering anxiously nearby. "He ate nothing yesterday," she said. "I finally got him to eat a few cherries and some yoghurt I made, but he's been too worked up."

We asked how long they had been married.

"Twenty-eight years in November," she said. "We met on a Norwegian freighter in the Caribbean. I was on a cruise, and he was going to help a friend escape from Devil's Island."

A cameraman called to Mrs. Willis to kiss her husband, and she leaned toward the Captain from the float. He grinned and kissed her gallantly.

"Can we have that again?" someone shouted.

The Willises obligingly kissed twice more.

"Mrs. Willis, are you proud of your husband for this undertaking?" someone asked.

"I'm proud of him without the undertaking," she said quickly.

"Do you have any fear, Captain Willis?" someone else asked.

Captain Willis looked offended. "Fear doesn't enter," he said, raising his chin. "I only want fair wind, and plenty of it."

Shortly after noon, we were aboard the tug Sheila Moran, towing an immense scow full of ash and, behind it, at the end of a long towline, Captain Willis's boat. As we reached the Verrazano Bridge, where the tug stopped to lengthen hawser, a man on the scow pulled Little One in and passed a container of coffee over to Captain Willis. "This makes a new man of me," Willis said.

More than an hour later, in the Sheila Moran's pilothouse, we heard a shout from the scow to the effect that the line had parted. Outside, we saw Little One bobbing in the distance, and Willis raising his sails. To starboard was the Scotland Light buoy. Little One headed out to sea, and so did the Sheila Moran. Little One was soon out of sight. An hour later, the scow dumped its load, and the Sheila Moran turned back toward the Narrows. We searched for Captain Willis, and eventually what looked at first like a seagull or a distant buoy bobbing on the waves turned out to be Little One. Captain Willis had sailed about two miles since we had left him. The Sheila Moran passed close by Little One. Captain Willis was sitting on the gunwale, looking nearly as large as his vessel. Little One was heading for open sea. We waved, and Captain Willis waved back.

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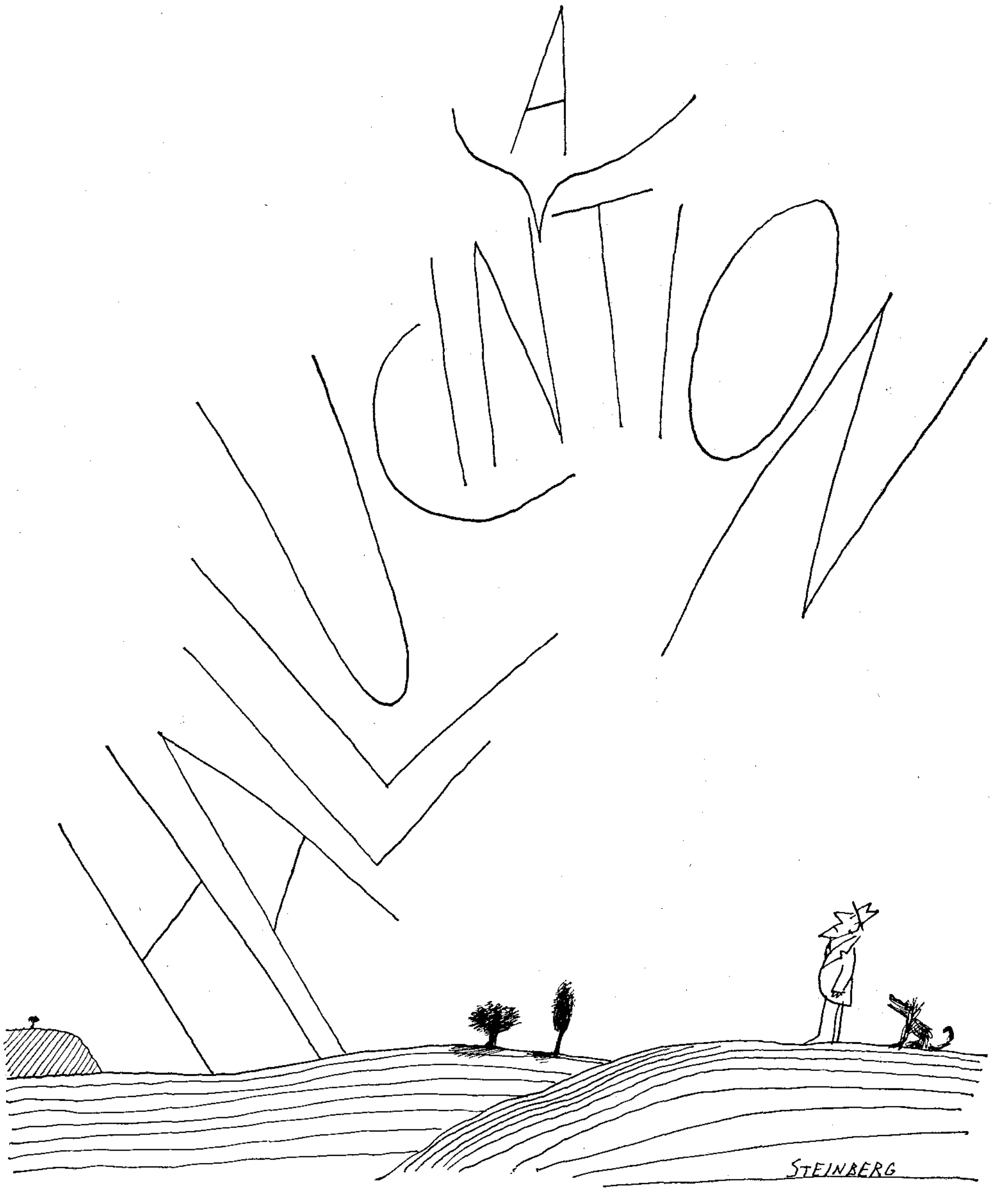
ENGLISH version of a three-language sign (Serbo-Croatian, French, English) printed on a metal card that is posted in a self-operated elevator of the Slavija Hotel, in Belgrade:

1. To move the cabin press the button of the wishing floor.
2. After the cabin enter all persons, each one should press the button of the wishing floor. Driving is then going automatically by natural order.
3. Button retaining pressed position shows received command for wishing stations.
4. Glowing red signal "Overloaded" shows that elevator overloaded and one person should leave the cabin.

Long-Winded Lady

AFTER a considerable period of silence, we have again received a communication from our friend the long-winded lady, who writes: "Washington Square Park was being very satisfactory the other morning at six o'clock. It was a dripping green morning after a night of rain. The air was mild and fresh, and shone with a faint unsteadiness that was exactly like the unsteadiness of color inside a seashell. It was a weekday, an ordinary morning, business hours drawing near, but the evanescent appearance of the Square said that anything might be about to happen—an operetta, a harlequinade, a pantomime, a fantasy about city creatures trapped by one another or about country creatures drawn to the city by dreams that turned out to be only traps they set for themselves. But, whatever the play, it would have no ending, unless to vanish is ending enough. Around the Square the other morning at six o'clock there was an air of arrival and also of return. That overfed-university atmosphere was altogether absent, and the anxiously academic façades surrounding the park might have been made of paper, for all the reality they had. The trees, refreshed by the night and by the damp air, fluttered with a gaiety that seemed full of echoes—echoes of brightness, echoes of jokes, echoes of quick footsteps, echoes of friendliness. A lady who used to walk through the park forty and thirty and twenty and ten years ago could have walked there the other morning and found that, after all, nothing had really changed very much. There was a pair of young lovers quarrelling helplessly—very young lovers, a girl and a boy of about nineteen years each. For their arena—they kept moving from bench to bench—they had the northwest corner of the park, where there is a large circular clearing in the grass. Far away from them, and hidden from them by the trees, a solitary musician of their age sat exactly in the middle of a bench that was exactly in the middle of the long east row of benches, so, like them, he had his back to the street, and, like them, he looked toward grass, trees, and the fountain. He had a bulging cloth bag, a sort of knapsack, at his side, and he was strumming a guitar and singing to it in a voice so low that his words were lost, though their meaning was not. He was sad, or being sad. And behind him, on the other side of University Place, a thin, tidy middle-aged man had set a very small canvas on an easel and, with his back to the sharp angle of the corner building, was intent on making his own record of the perfect morning. By the time I saw the painter, it was a few minutes past six. I had walked into the Square from Washington Place, on the west side, and as I entered the park I saw the girl sitting alone on a bench in the corner that was to become the arena for the battle between her and her young man. He had not yet arrived. She was holding her handbag in her lap, and she wore short black gloves. She was dressed as though she were going to her office—in a narrow green linen dress and high-heeled shoes. She had an enormous mop of black hair, and her head was slightly bent, as though she were shy and were waiting alone in a crowded place. Then *he* appeared, strolling nonchalantly, from Sullivan Street. He wore a brightly checked cotton jacket, and for a man who appeared to be taking his time he crossed the Square in very short order. As I passed by the girl, I saw him far off, just walking into the park, and when I turned my head he was sitting beside her—sitting very close. But then, after a minute, she got up and walked off across the circle and sat down on a bench that faced him—far enough away to show him what she thought of him but near enough for him to speak to her if he chose to raise his voice. They sat like that, staring at each other across the distance, the desert, for a while, and then he stood up and walked over to her and again sat down beside her, but this time she got up at once and went back to her original bench and sat down, and they started staring at each other all over again. But not for long. He got up suddenly and walked out of the Square, and she turned her head and watched him go. He never looked back, but when he reached the sidewalk he bent down to pat the topknot of a tiny white poodle that was being led into the park by its master. The poodle was so small that ordinarily a person might stop to admire it or to smile at it, or even to pick it up, but to bend down all the way to pat it was very like bending down to pat a sparrow. The young man bent. By the time his hand reached the poodle's head, he was folded in half, and from that difficult position he twisted his neck around so that he was looking up into the face of the master—making complimentary remarks about the little dog, I suppose. I imagined the girl's anguish, to see her young man able to talk so calmly and naturally to a stranger only a minute after leaving her sitting there alone with a broken heart. Also, I felt her irritation with him; he didn't seem like the kind of young man who would normally be effusive. But it was all over in a minute. The poodle paraded joyfully into the park, and the young man—Animal Lover, Persecutor of Women, at six o'clock in the morning—sauntered across the street and went off down Waverly Place, heading for Sixth Avenue. He didn't hesitate or look back, and when he was out of sight the girl stopped watching and began waiting again. I went over to the east side of the park, where I saw the guitarist and the painter, and when I was starting down University Place, leaving the Square, I looked back to where the girl had been sitting, but there was no one there. I hope that that girl had found sense enough to follow that young man and catch up with him. I don't think he intended to come back."



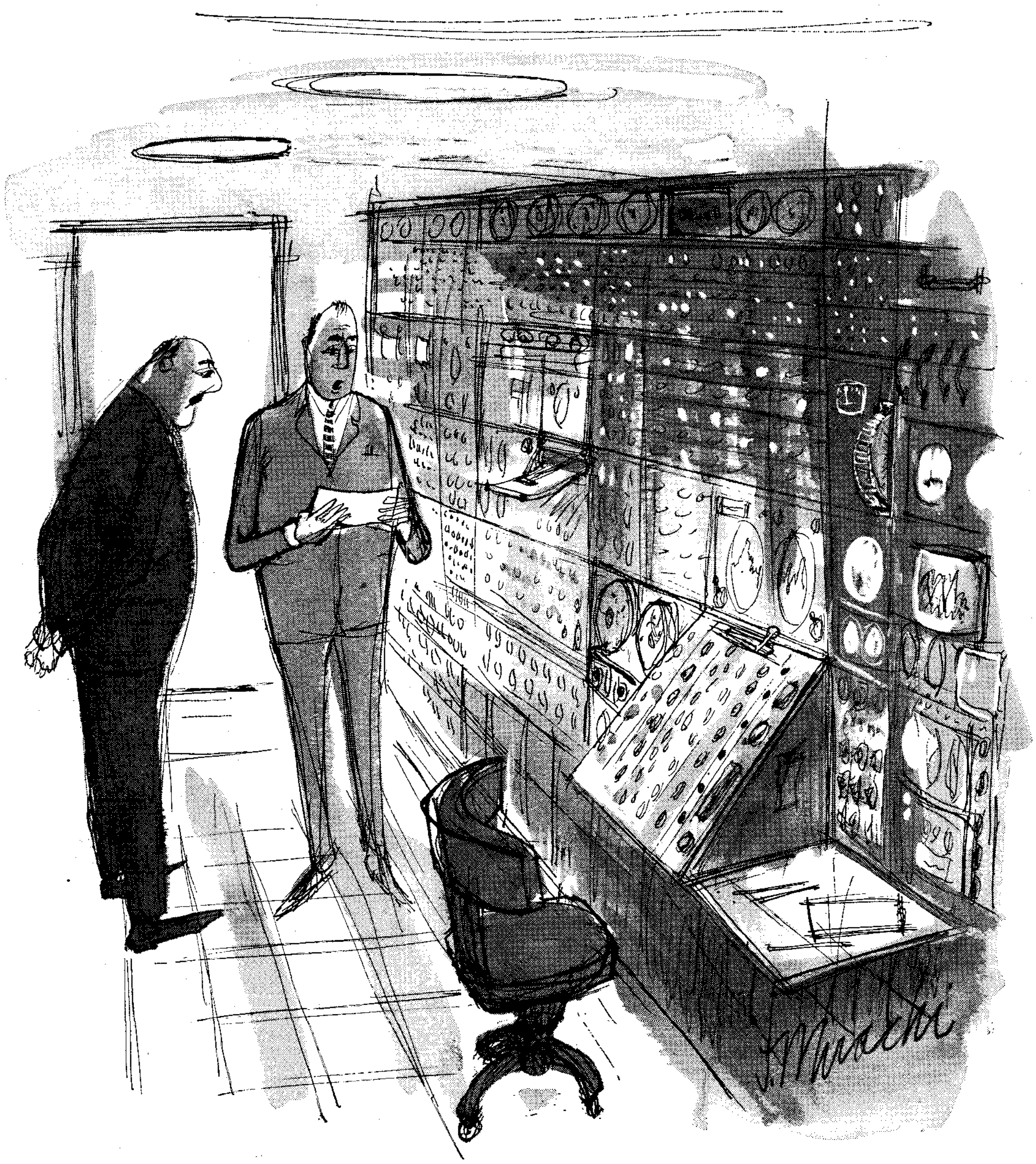
THE ROOM

"YOU should have seen him when he was a little boy," he once overheard his mother saying to a friend about him. "He knew how I liked my room to be tidy, and sometimes when I was ill in bed, if it got untidy, he would say, 'Close your eyes, and don't open them till I tell you.' Then, while I kept them closed and covered with my hands, I would hear him running about the room putting everything in order. 'All right, you can open your eyes now,' he'd say. I would catch my breath to show him how delighted and surprised I was, and he would stand there, proud and beaming, his eyes bright as blackberries shining in the sun."

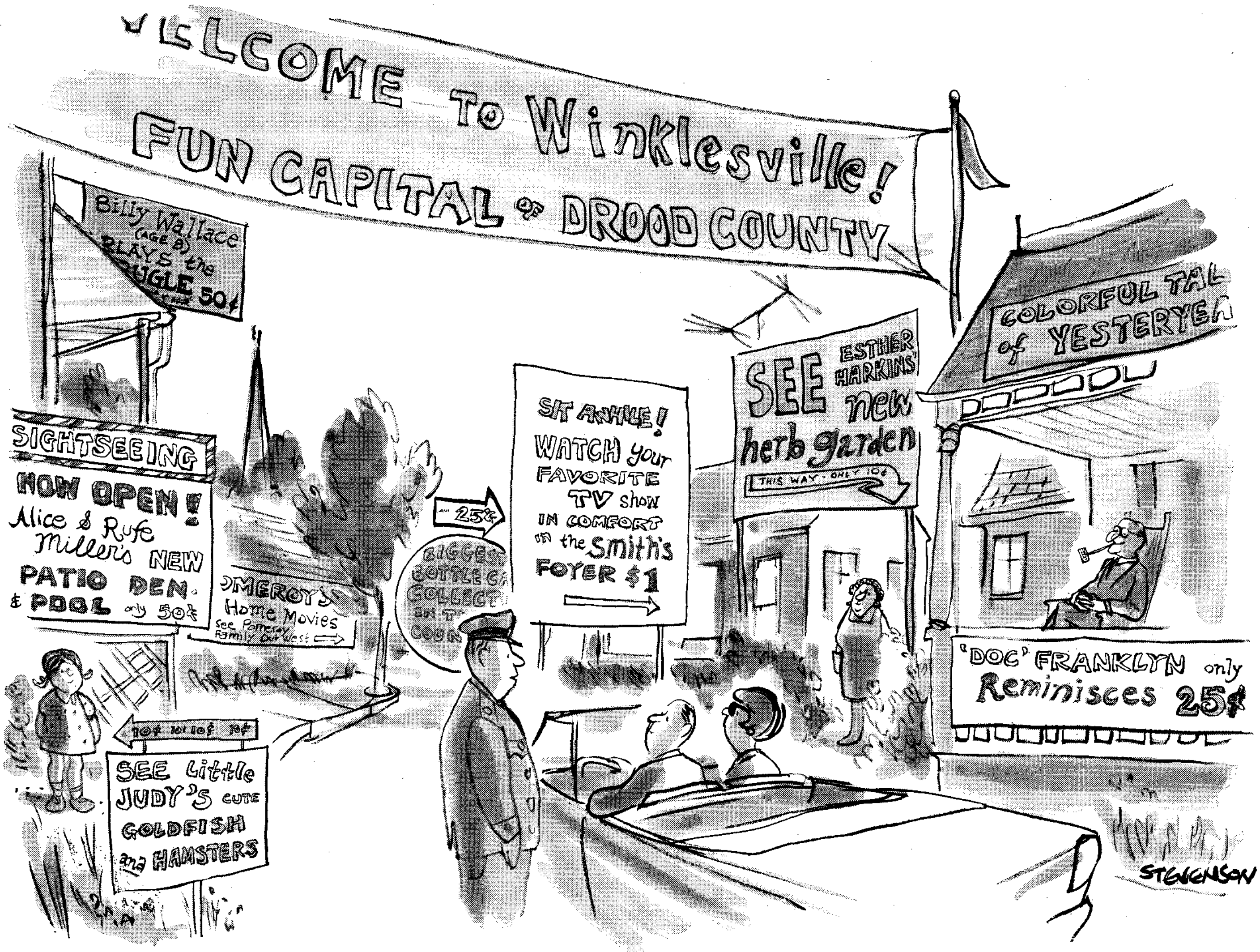
He remembered not just overhearing his mother but the actual times she was referring to. He must have been eight or so. Now, over forty, he went into the room, the same room he used to tidy up for her, her room, which was hers no more. She had named it "the pomegranate room," because of a pomegranate tree outside the window. Perhaps she had foreseen that the pomegranate would outlive her. It had. She was in her grave—had been for three years. Sometimes a guest stayed in the room, or his brother and sister-in-law. Though he would never use it, when it was vacant he would go into it fairly often—just open the door, switch the light on if it was dark, and stand there for a moment, surveying the emptiness, or, rather, her absence, for the room was fully furnished with the same furniture she had used. Even the books that had been read to her or she had read during her last illness were on the bookshelf, a few added and a few withdrawn. Hardly anything was missing; hardly anything had changed or been changed around. The walls were the same light ochre, with a few more spots and scratches, since they hadn't been repainted. Yes, the room was just the same as it had been ever since he could remember. "The same," he told himself, and almost smiled one of those smiles that have nothing to do with gladness but are the slightest movement of the lips—more like a sigh. In the silence—the house was in the country outside Siena, well away from the main road—he heard the air he blew out of his nostrils; its sound was as much as to say, "This is the way things are." Arms folded, he brought a hand to his chin and looked at the bed. The same bedcover. Not a crease. Nothing to straighten out. In the whole room everything in its place. Nothing to tidy up. If she were lying or sitting there, he couldn't help thinking, its looks could only please her. The room was a picture of neatness and order. He went out and closed the door behind him. There was nothing he could do. And anyway, as for neatness and order, she was past appreciating those qualities now.

Or perhaps she wasn't. How could one tell? Perhaps something of us lingered in the places we were familiar with, something of us, if only a memory. Perhaps memory was a living thing, a creature that we harbored in our brains, that lived in people's minds, ubiquitous, flaring now here, now there, clinging even to objects, extinguishing itself slowly, unwillingly, and having, like anything alive, its own wild urge to live, to be preserved. Perhaps no one was really dead till he was quite forgotten, till everything he knew was spoiled and shattered.

Her death was something he could not get over. Again and again he went into the room. What could he do? Everything was in such good order. Set flowers in the vase? "No, no," he told himself as he recalled the smell of the hundreds of flowers that had been brought to her room after her death. Their smell had clung to the room for days. A sickly smell. No—no flowers



"Still the same answer. To increase the margin of profit, put more bread crumbs in the hamburger."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STEVENSON

"It's not a big town, but we've done a lot with it."

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for an unlived-in room. She would have nothing useless. But there he went again, thinking of her wishes as though they mattered now.

Well, perhaps they mattered. And if so, what, what, indeed, would she like to have done to the room? If he could only do something that would make him as happy as the child he had been. He felt so far past the time when even by a simple thing joy was turned on full. He was sitting in the red armchair in the corner by the window. After a moment, he got up. Level with his eyes, two feet away, was the bookshelf, hanging from the wall. The books were all straight, none of them upside down, all set the way she liked them, neither too close to the edge of the shelf nor too far into it. He took a few steps, and his eyes settled on the spots, the scratches on the walls. Were there enough of them to justify painting the room over? He went around it like an inspector. Under the windowsill he found several scratches, several spots by the radiator; near the bed, the wall had been retouched with paint that did not quite match the old. The ceiling had several cracks and one large stain. Spirited now, some purpose in his eyes, he found more and more blemishes on the walls. He became happier with each new one that he saw. Yes, definitely the walls needed repainting. She had always loved fresh paint—to cover the past, the old, the soiled, the dusty, what had seen too much sickness, with something bright and fresh. He would paint it the same color but not quite, use tempera colors—her favorite—mix into the burnt sienna a tiny bit of red to catch the light of sunset.

WITH energy, with drive, he went into town and bought the chalk, the colors, and glue in a packet, and two brushes—one wide, one thin for the edges—and plaster for the cracks. Carefully, he mixed the paint, got the furniture out of the way, closed himself in the room, and started patching the ceiling, then painting. He painted with alacrity, the way he had tidied the room up in his youth; only this took him not just a few minutes but two days. He put in all the hours he could spare. Nothing seemed more important. At last the room was done. The floor was made to shine, the furniture polished and put back, the books replaced.

"Well, it came out well, didn't it?" he asked one of the maids who had come for the spring cleaning.

"Yes, lovely," she said.

He asked another. "Yes, really looks good," she told him. Others, too, came to see it, and said how well it had come out. After they left, he went into the room alone. Looking at her bed, he could almost see her uncovering her eyes and catching her breath to show him her delight. —ARTURO VIVANTE

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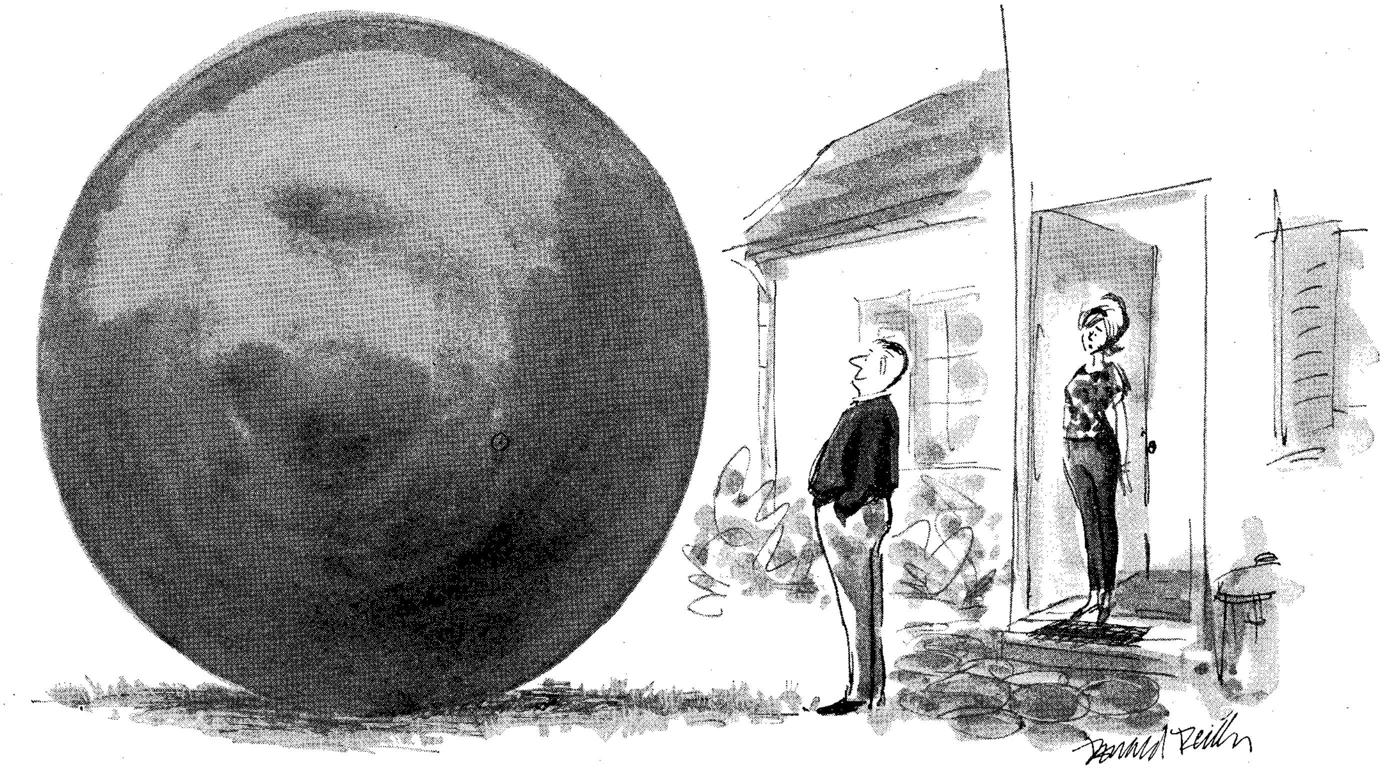
And if you meet your marriage mate at Park West . . . you'll like the convenience of our on-site accredited nursery school for your children.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Not so fast, there!

RANDOM REFLECTIONS ON A SUMMER EVENING

All day the bird-song here has seemed
The praise and description of this sunny countryside;
Now, with the coming of the stars—
Revelation of the mournful depths of heaven,
Revelation of the truth—those gay voices
Falter, fall silent; a pensive silence,
Soundless as dew, a vague malaise descends,
Quieting all. No matter. In the early morning,
While yet the weather holds, while yet the planet Venus
Sparkles like a jewel on the breast of dawn,
Let us go walk in the woods; the wind
Stirs the top leaves, they rustle, they murmur together,
They clash, like waves of the sea, are still
As the wind stills; a crow rises, cawing,
And fades out of the copse like an evil thought,
Or a hermit-thrush, very far away,
From some towering oak lets fall
His bell-like music.
How good it is to ramble
Through leaf-green woods; or in autumn,
Before the trees turn bald, when the colors
Of autumn still flame on the boughs; in winter, too,
Under the tracery of bare branches,
While down the face of the rock
The waterfall hangs mute, and the tender brooks
Wear a new skin of ice—the mountain
Will mirror your voice there, as a mirror echoes
Your face.
How good it is to walk
By the strict sea, by void extension
Pressed to the point of absurdity; such vastness
Is supernatural, you await
Almost the feet of an angel treading the blue
Floor of trampling waves—he is
Your dead child-brother, and comes,
With averted face, not to blind you, and folded wings,
Over the level plain, the huge hollow of heaven
Would serve as his canopy. But, of course,
No miracle occurs; better
The loved, familiar things:
Soft ocean odors, space, light, rustling subsidence,
Whisper and hush of fawning waters
Along the shore that terns
Travel with downward head as if cogitating
Their scribbled hieroglyphs there, cast shells, driftwood,
Detritus, old sea-wreckage—the sandy beach
Flows, lion-colored, evenly on
Between the green of the dunes and the changing
Blue-green of the sea. The sea
Can be tragic when roused, has a longer memory
Than that of the wind; their encounter ended,
The wind will hush and the stars come out; not so easily
The sea forgets—hear then, long after,
The restless cry of waters passion-worn
Pleading for rest.
How strange the world is!
In the evening, the moon—whose orbit
Feeds parasitic upon earth's ampler orbit—
The gaunt skull of the moon, peers out
Or hides in hurrying cloud; bats
With their lopsided flight cut figures on the air,
Slipping and sliding like the town drunkard,
Tom Swain, who swears he saw,
At dawn, the clouds playing leapfrog and got so excited
He lost the way home. Thunder
Growls in the west.
Now, in sky-crowding cities,
Under the neon's glare, under
The calcium light's demented moonlight, down
Canyons that cleave and rim
The city's massive rock, the sluggish
Man-swarm moves, the sluggish
Traffic, like impeded blood
In senile arteries, moves. Here man
Has elected to dwell among his engines, here
Man's cleverness is all, he lives
In the shadow of monster shapes,
Created by him, that belittle him.
Strange beauty is here, sinister
Beauty that is man's own—see, from some towering mass,
As from some tower of time, watchful,
Two solemn eyes of light
Look seaward with incorrigible stare,
Questioning heaven.
In Kennedy
The fan-jet rouses, slowly
Trundling its ponderous body, the span of enormous wings
Rigidly spread, the stiff machine,
Ungainly on the ground as an albatross, rumbles
Toward the runway—wheels,
Manoeuvring for position—vibrates like an angry
Hornet, races the runway, is airborne, climbs,
Enters the palace of pure light,
The soundless, shadeless empyrean
Above earth's filth and tumult. Soon
We are over the arctic highlands; wolves
Howl in the forest; in Africa,
The elephant trumpets his desolate call, the panther's
Scream tortures the night. Oh, this animal lamentation
Heard round the planet—cries
Wrung out of rage, out of lust, out of hunger—only
The birds make music for joy, only
The insect orchestras draw their bows
Over the thighs of longing, only
The deer, the rabbit, the snake comprehend
The value of reticence, the fish
The vanity of words; in the cool crystal
Of inland streams, in the dusky
Underworld ocean forests or dark
Quiet of deeper waters, oblivion
Of the hushed sea, they drift in silence
Or devour one another with remarkable rapidity, indifferent
To all but survival; in warmer waters
The octopus, a bald upside-down head,
With tentacles writhing like the Medusa's hair,
Hangs motionless, the grinning
Shark turns over to attack.
How beautiful
The clouds are: the great thunderheads
Piled one on the other; the lesser clouds hastening
Like messengers through heaven; clouds
Kindled by dawn or sunset—abysses of flame, portals
Opening on blue paradise; chiaroscuro
Of darkening cloud; luster
Of cloud around the moon; the upper strata,
Sand-ribbed or scaled like fish; whorls,
Flourishes, shreds of cloud unravelled by wind; high
Peace of exalted cirrus. How strangely
Clouds, at a certain moment, in a certain light, perhaps,
Will rouse us as to remembrance of something lost



"Yes, dear, it certainly is remarkable that you can get a twelve-foot Army-surplus balloon for only a dollar seventy-five, postpaid."

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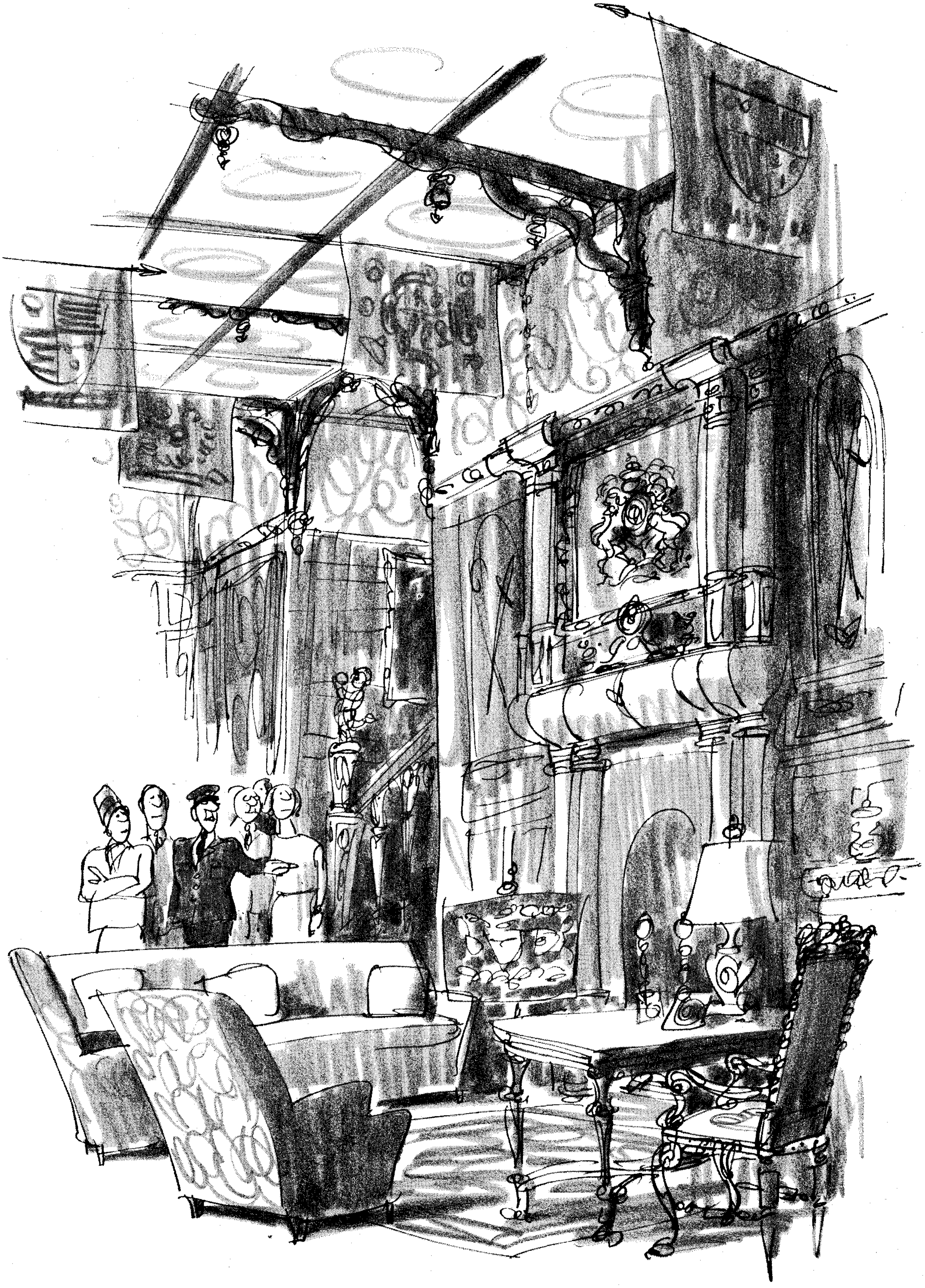
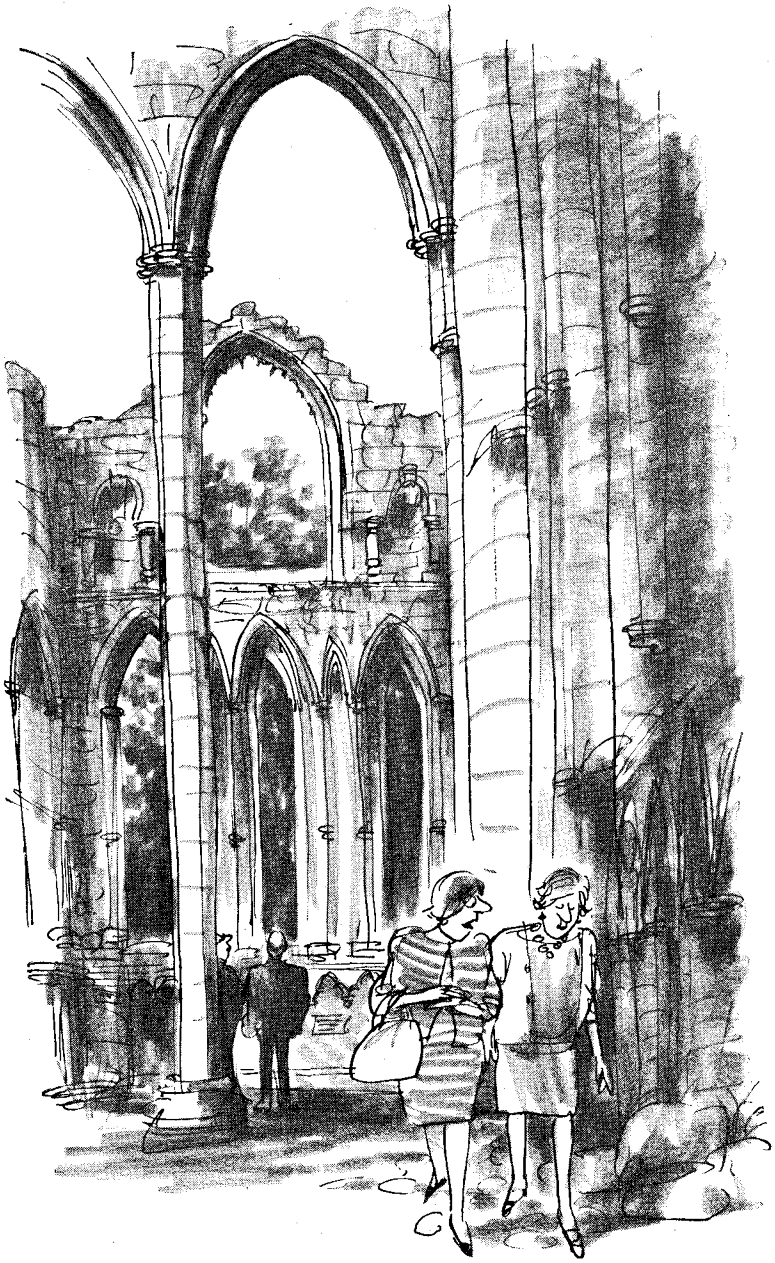
That yet was there always, a sense
Of how we are part of things—stars, grass, earth—
And they of us. Oh, to move
Among the clouds and above them, to pass through the universe
As a god might, and taste
The whole of it in its splendor, to discover
New worlds and new races on them, beings
That have some kinship with us, and so break
Our long solitude here, upon
This lonely planet!
Where
Are they that are yet to be? Alicia,
Dear unborn child, your face
Haunts the darkness before birth. What generations
Lurk there, or speak to us
In wind or water, riffle of leaves, what millions
Wait in that dark and silence to which
The dead return! Truly,
Our home is among the unborn; there we find refuge
After this temporal dream. To each,
One taste of it, one life,
One only. No foreknowledge,
No memory after. It shall *not* have been.
The moment here is all.
How strange a thing time is,
Forever going and coming: the prow of the ship
And the stern of the ship move in separate waters
Yet are one ship and always
Travel the same water, and we, who live
Outside of time in dreams, live also
In a past and a future that form
The ever-continuing present. Dreamlike, the past is present
In the memories of an old man: the face of the mother
Bending over his cot; the first day at school,
Its pride, its terror; the first
Kiss of solemn first love—the grave eyes
Burning, so near, beyond him; faces of women
From the after-days; faces
Of friends, living or dead; face
Of the darling friend and more than friend, belovèd
Face, by half-light known, glimmer
Of cloudy breast, pale thigh—oh, nevermore
Between the dear body and the stars to confide
Life's sorrowful secret, never
Throughout all time again to share
The incommunicable moment!
How full of sadness the world is,
How full of evil and horror! At the jungle's edge,
The python slowly subdues
The body of the struggling fawn; the spider
Kisses the moth to sleep, and sucks
The life from her paralyzed victim; foul
Diseases dry up the sap
In the blossoming tree, the marrow
In the bones of a child—the lower
Preys on the higher, the bacillus would bring down
A Mozart, no favors are shown,
Catch-as-catch-can is the rule—whirlwinds and earthquakes
Devastate earth; well-reasoned
Insanities are abroad; in hidden vaults are ranged
The eggs that shall hatch death, his bombers
Are on the alert, the brute
Fury of violated matter shall be unleashed
Against mankind; our galaxy
Is rushing, almost with the speed of light,
Nowhere; there is, we are told,
No sense in things. But in our woods
There are pheasants, young ones—listen, beyond the thicket,
The tender cluck of the hen pheasant urging them on.

—John Hall Wheelock

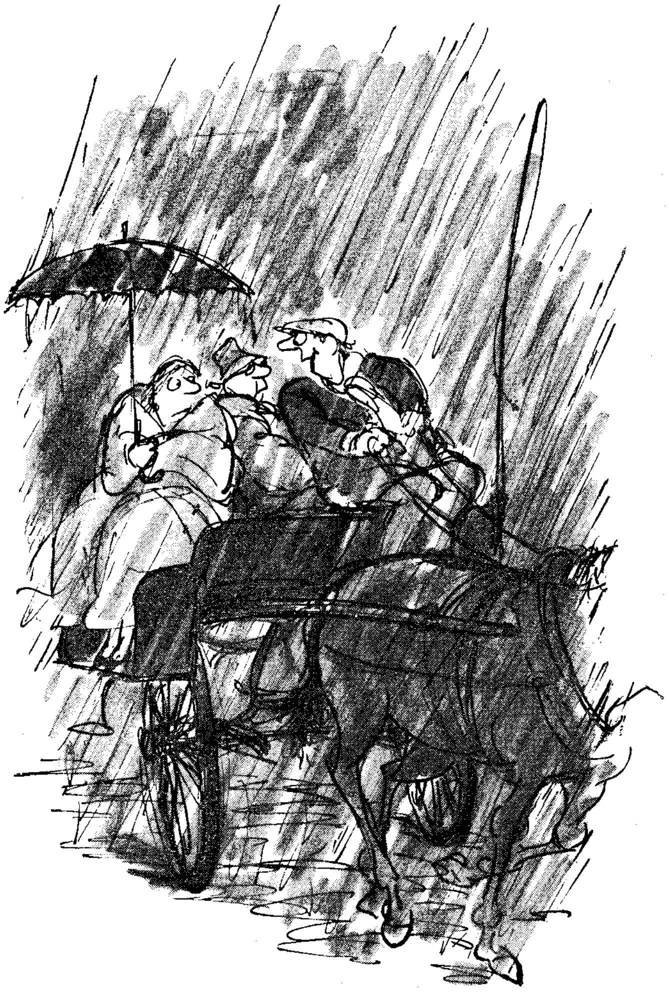


"When His Lordship is in residence, he comes down these stairs every morning, sits in that chair overlooking the East Garden, and reads 'Time.'"

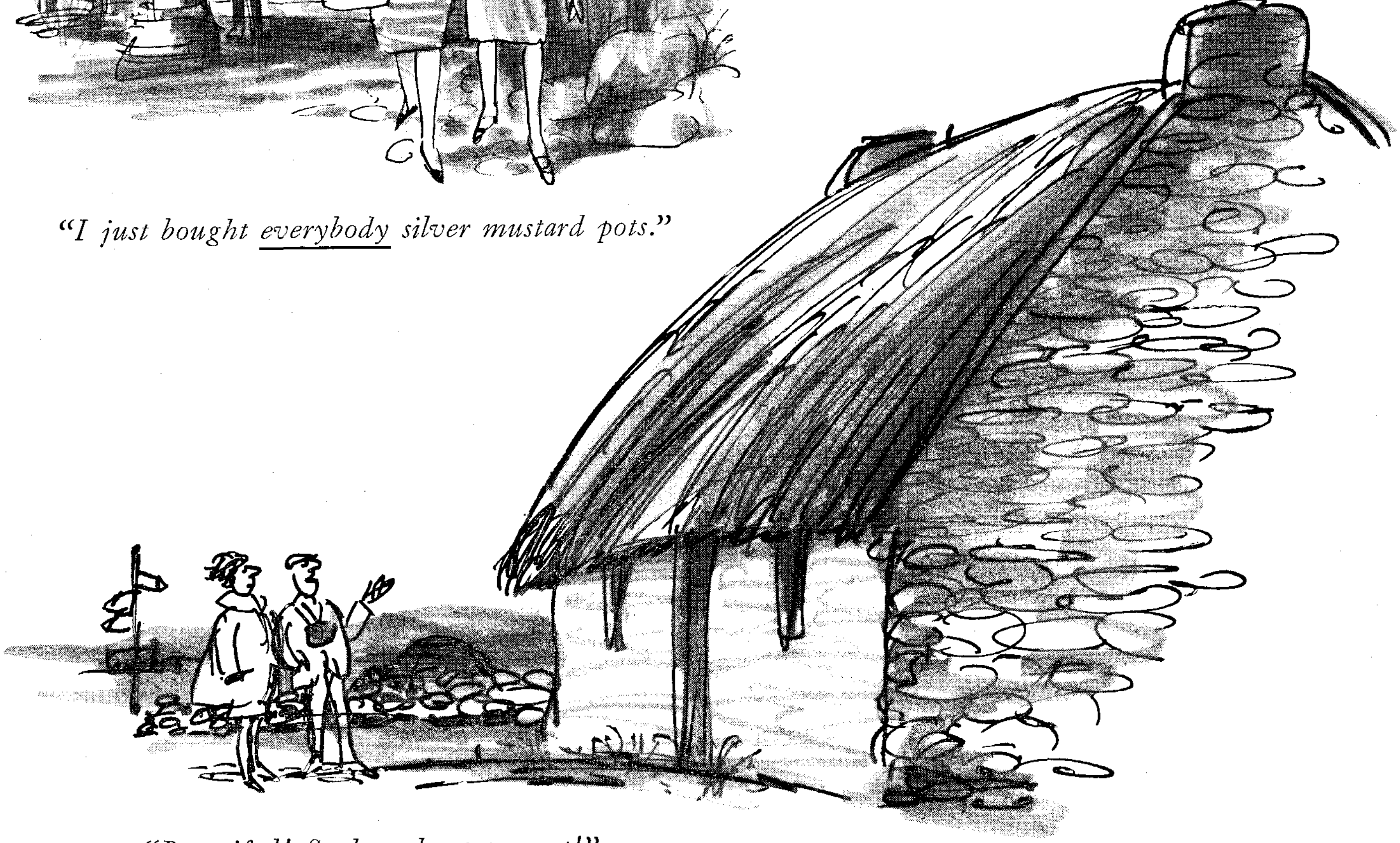
COME TO BRITAIN



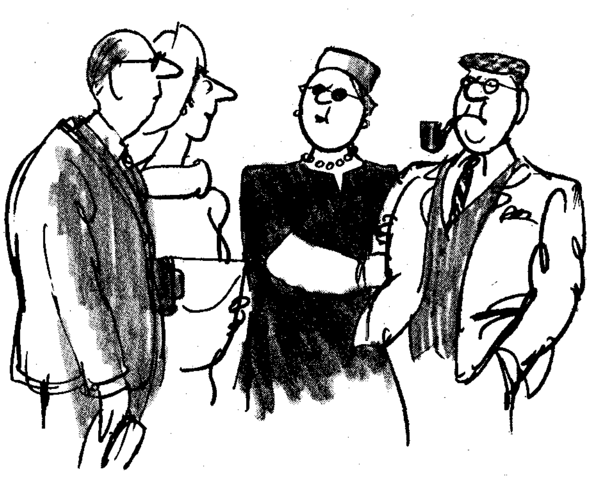
"I just bought everybody silver mustard pots."



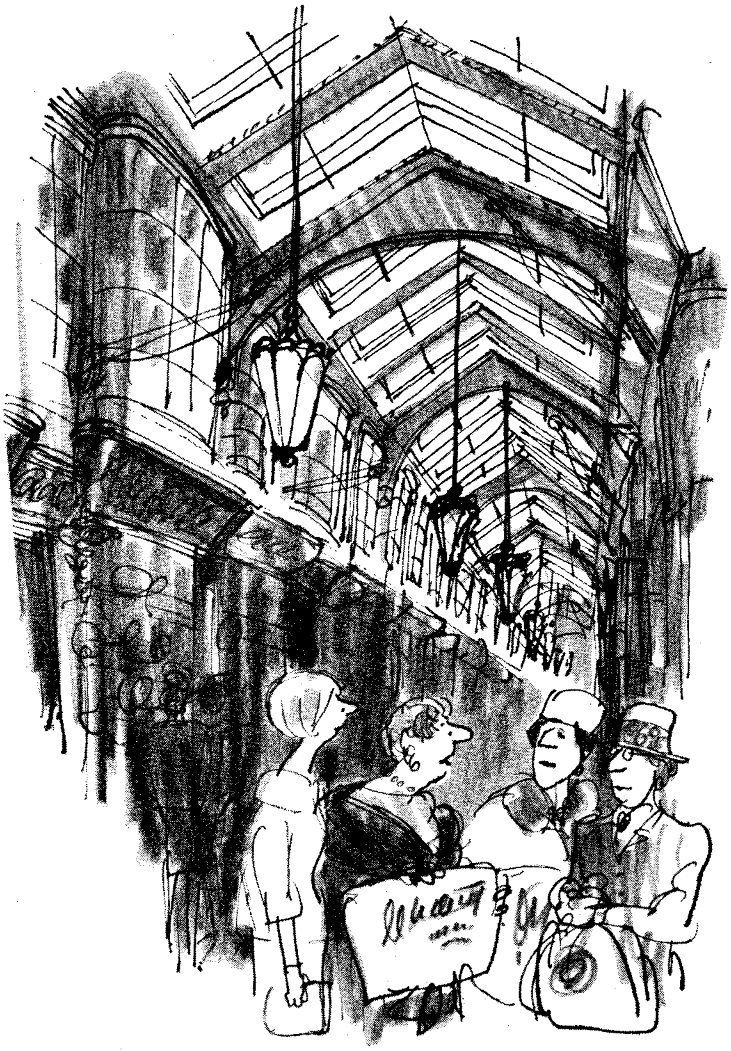
"After the rains, the elves and wee folk come out to dance in the meadow by the ancient abbey."



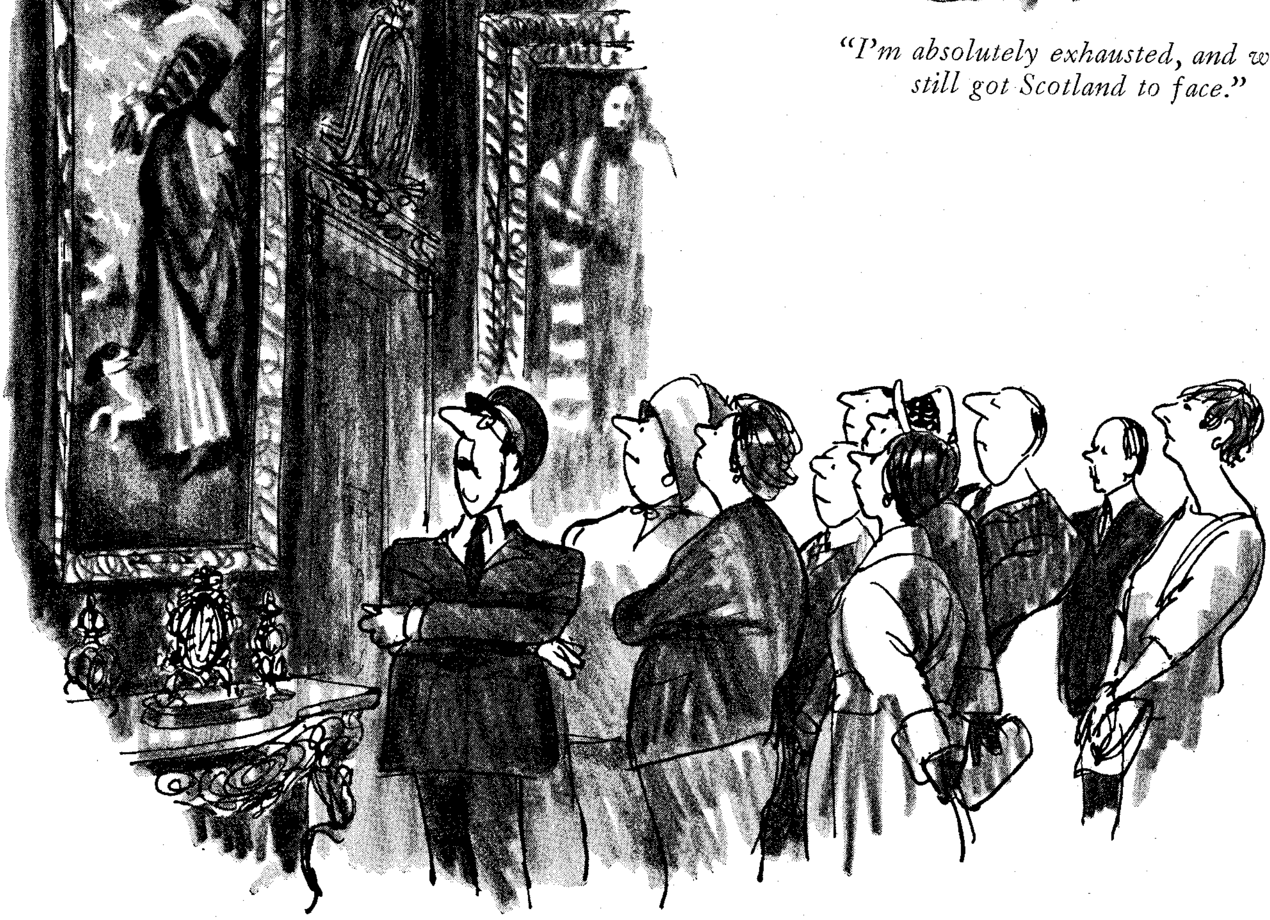
"Beautiful! Such understatement!"



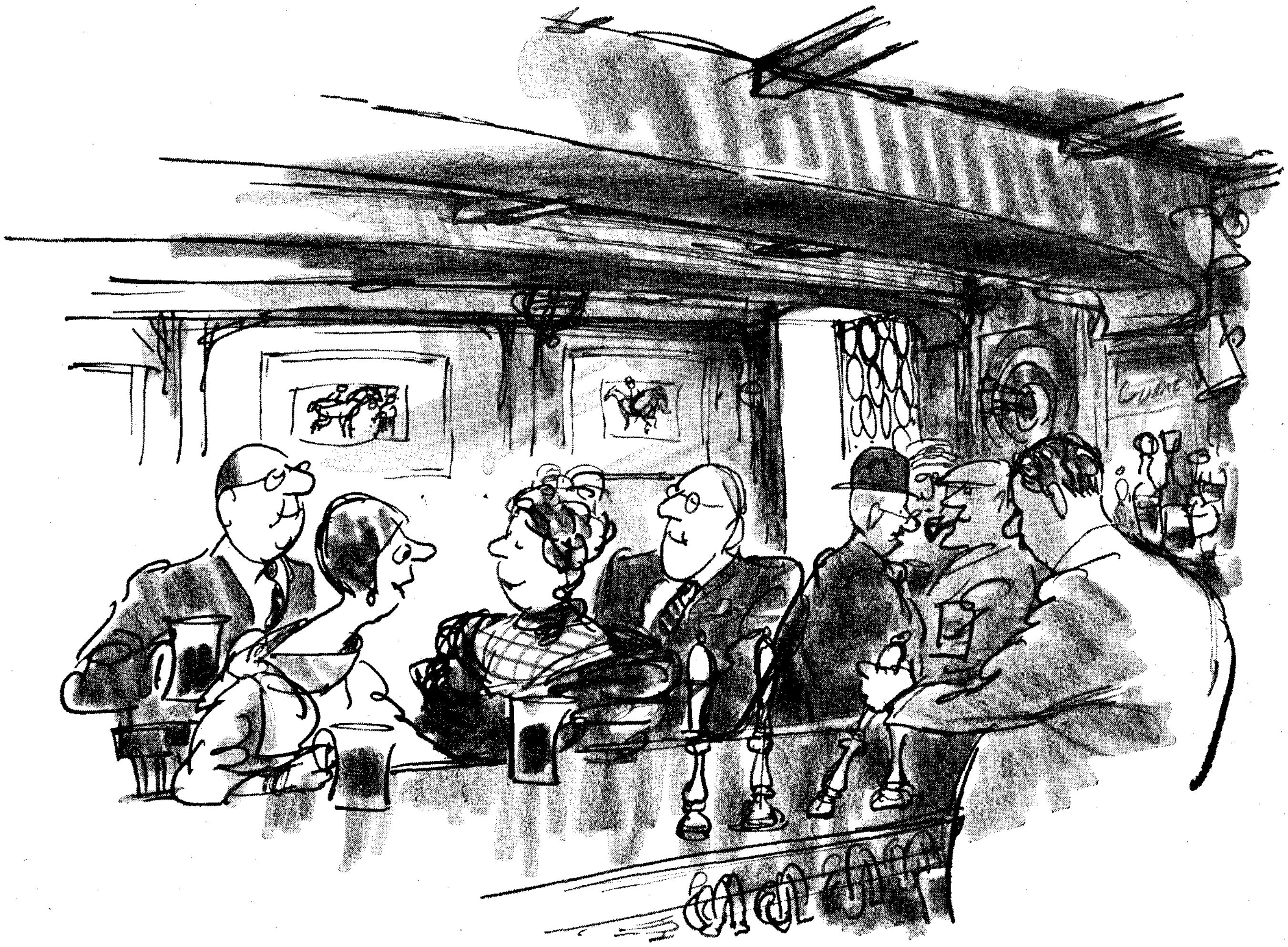
"We've got to be getting back. Herbert must have his pint of bitter before dinner."



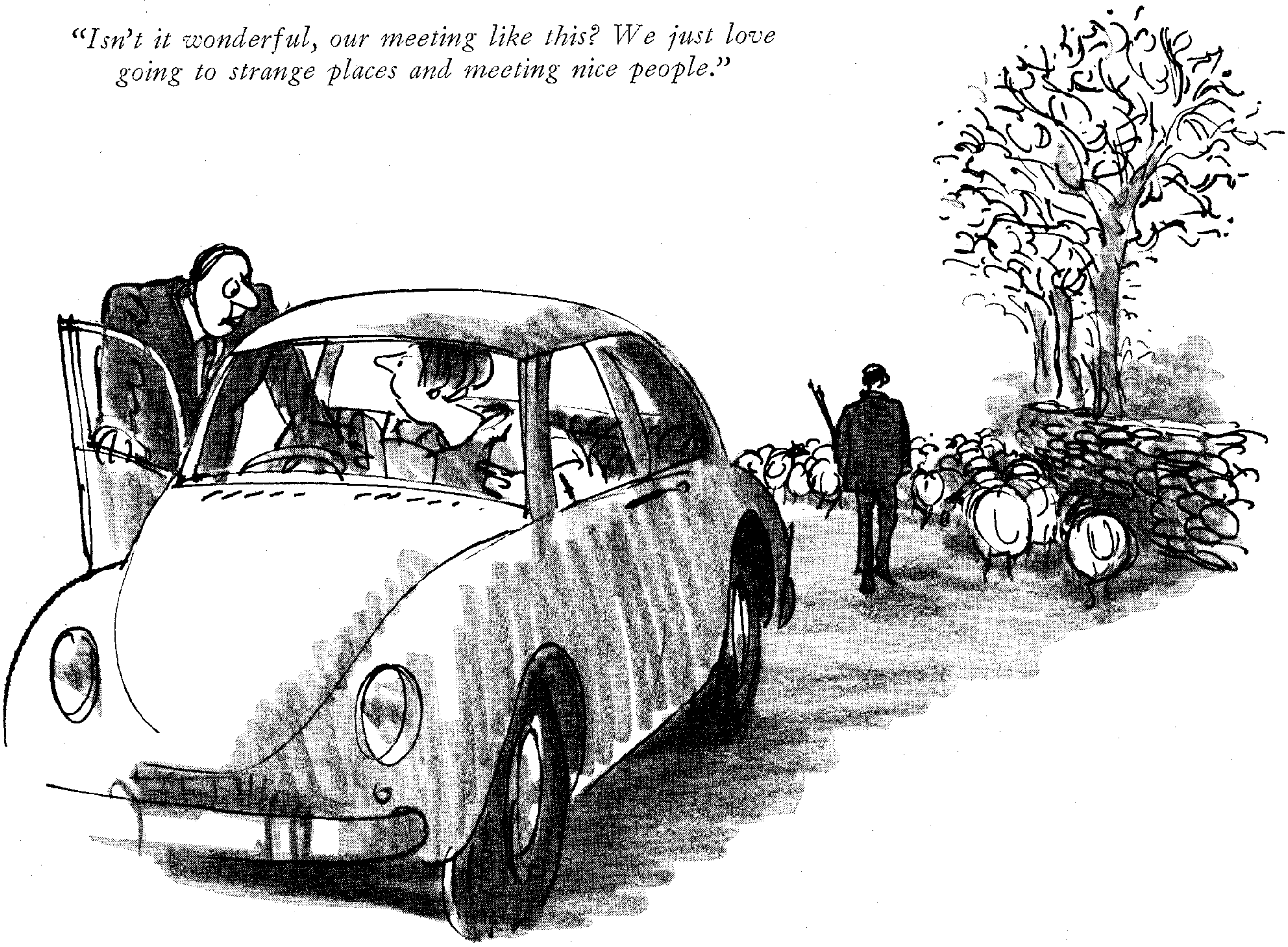
"I'm absolutely exhausted, and we've still got Scotland to face."



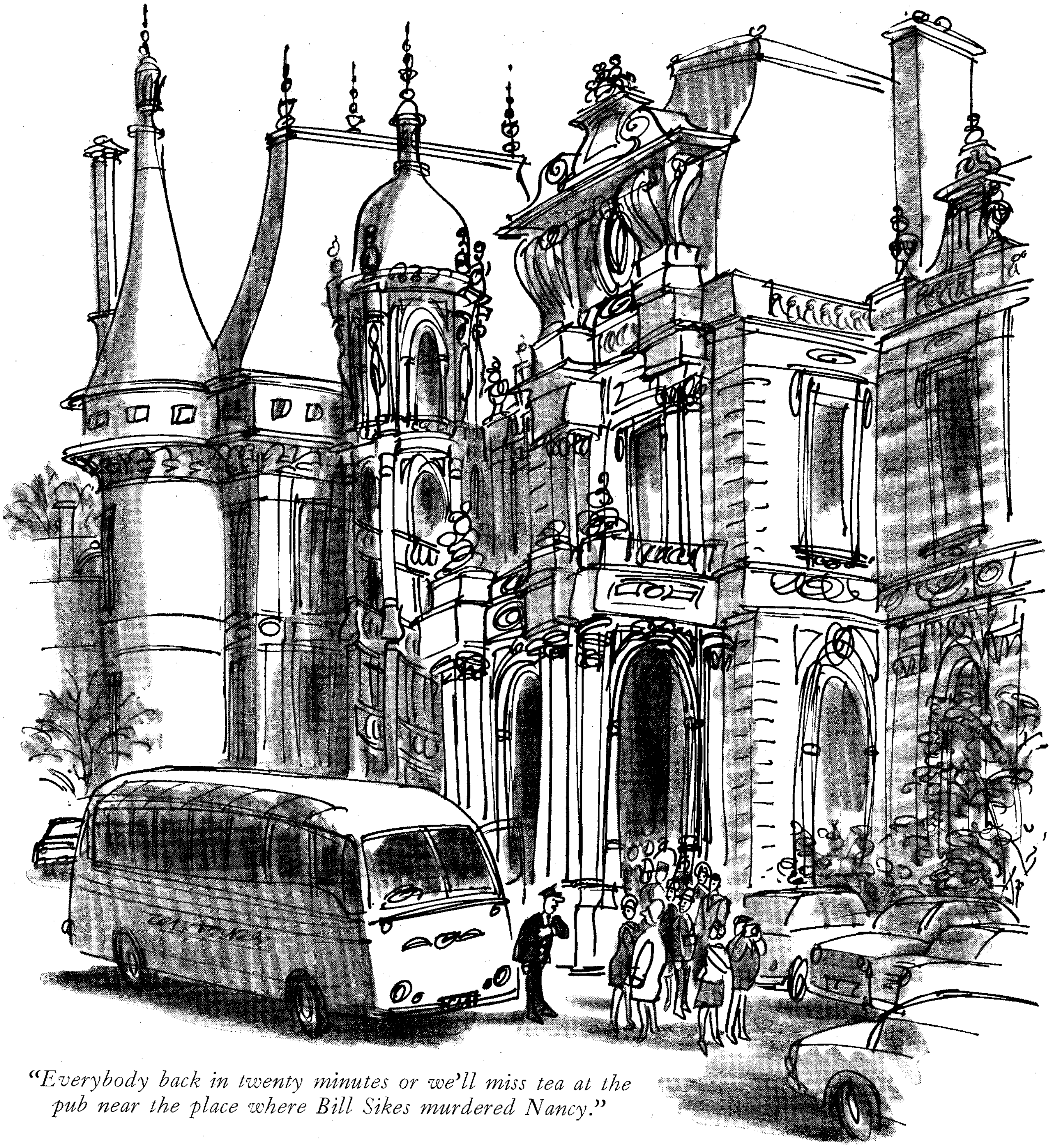
"The less said about this young lady the better. When her husband, the second Earl, was away at the wars, her conduct left something to be desired, if we can believe the gossip of the period."



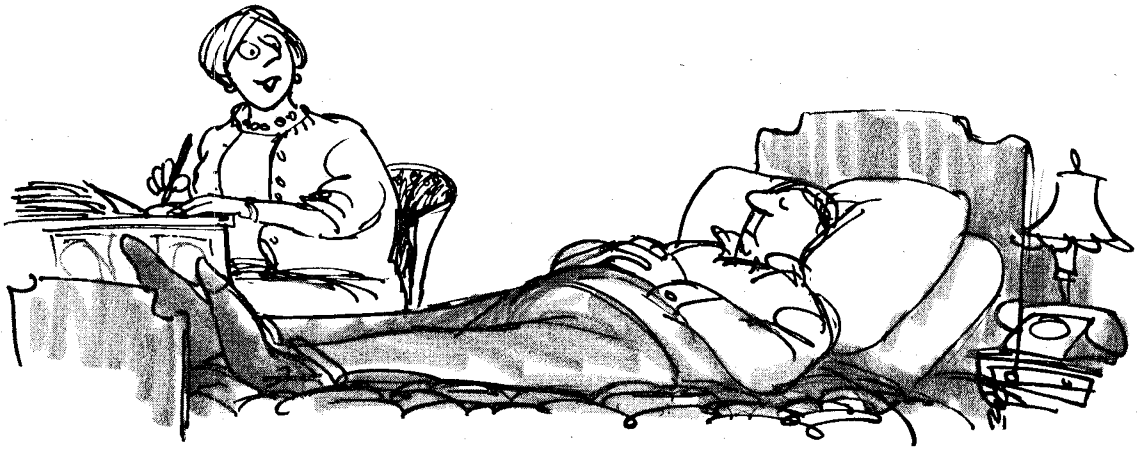
"Isn't it wonderful, our meeting like this? We just love going to strange places and meeting nice people."



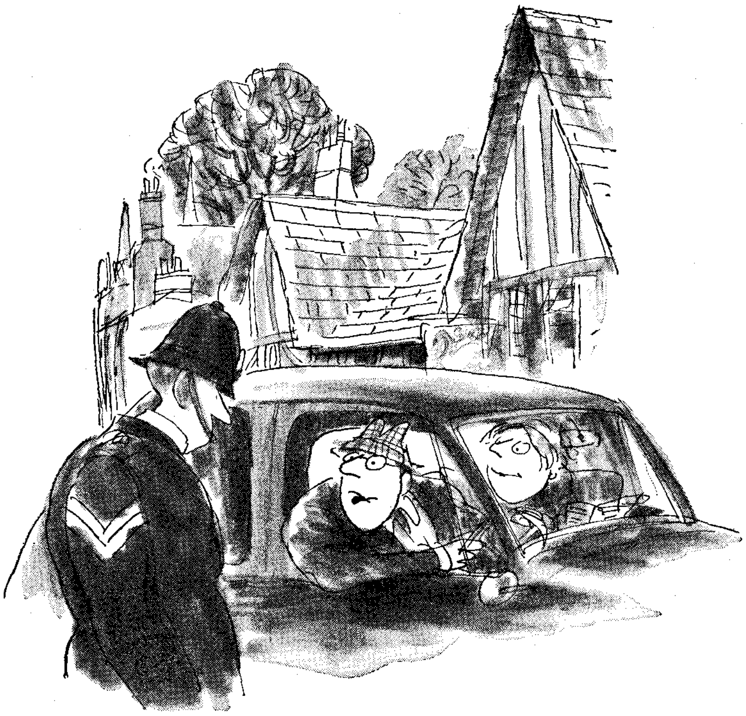
"He says Chizzick is Chiswick."



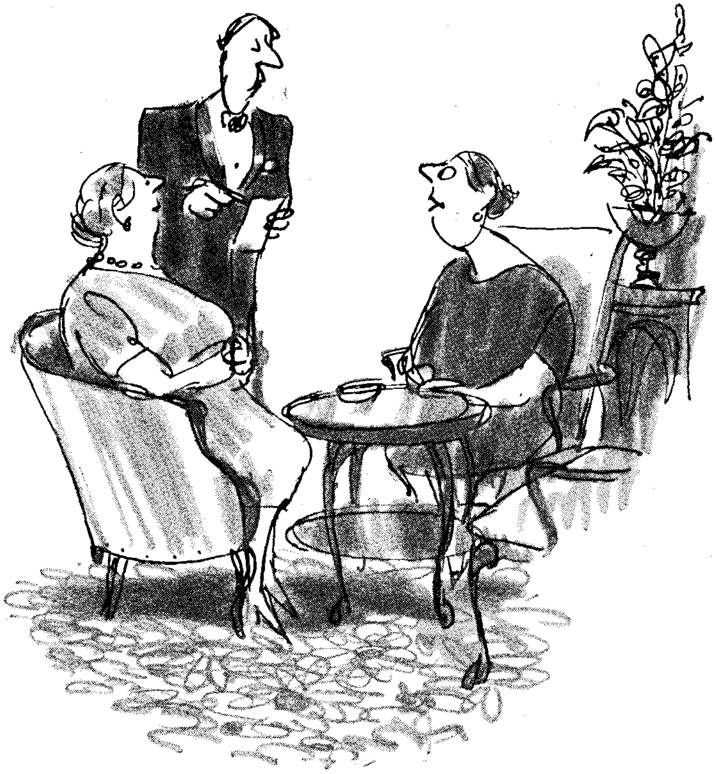
"Everybody back in twenty minutes or we'll miss tea at the pub near the place where Bill Sikes murdered Nancy."



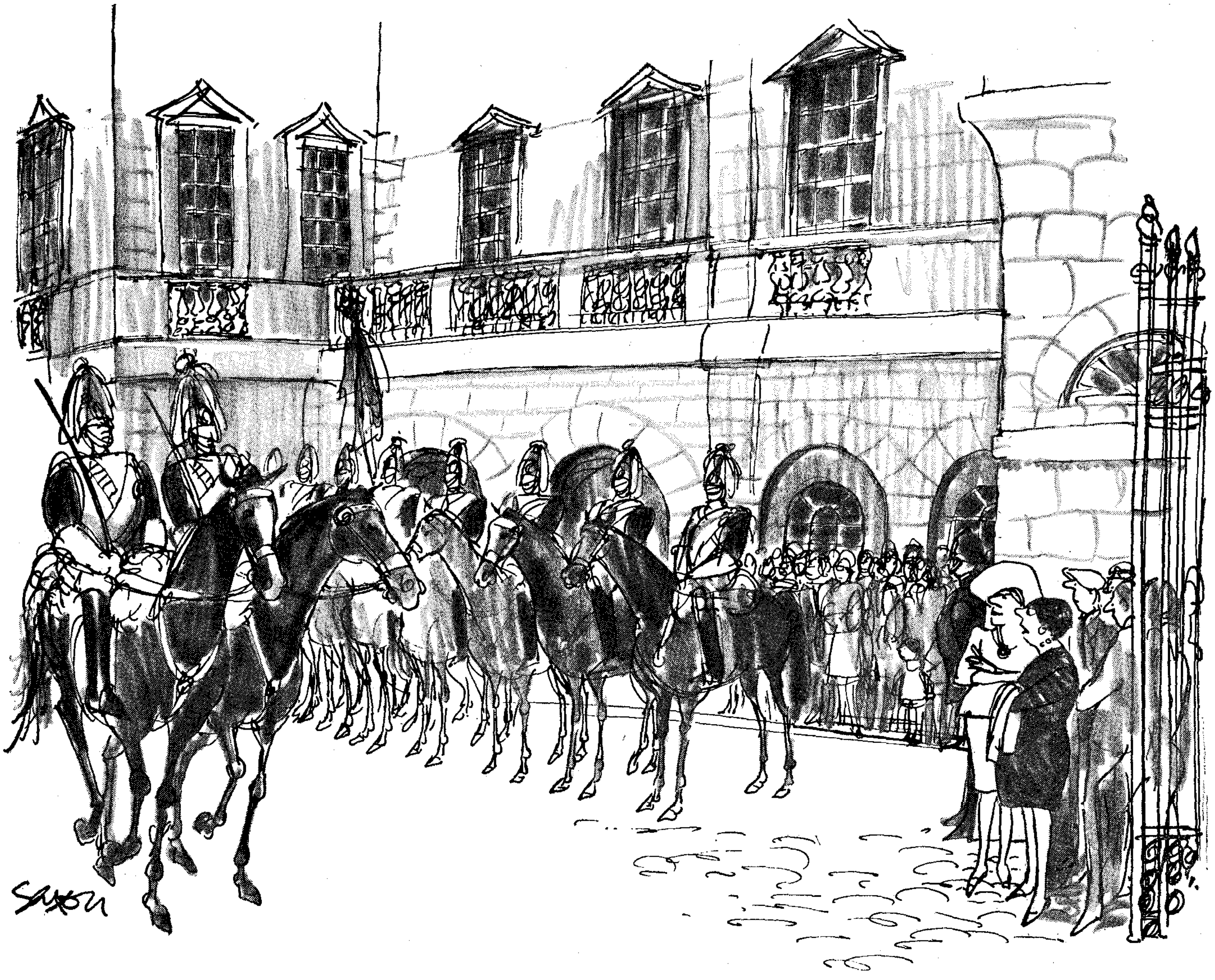
"May I say 'Travis and I were enthralled by Hatfield House'?"



"We're a couple of Hoosiers from the States. Would you consider Woburn Abbey a must?"



"Two Irish coffees—with Sanka."



"You don't see one dirty window."

BONAVENTURE

HE was besieged, he was invaded, by his mother's account of the day he was conceived; and his father confirmed her version of history, telling him *why*. He had never been able to fling in their faces "Why did you have me?" for they told him before he could reason, before he was ready to think. He was their marvel. Not only had he kept them together, he was a musical genius, the most gifted child any two people ever had, the most deserving of love. He began to doubt their legend when he discovered the casualness of sex, and understood that anyone who was not detached (which he believed his own talent would oblige him to be) could easily turn into parent and slave. He was not like his own father, who, as a parent, seemed a man who had been dying and all at once found himself in possession of a total life. His father never said this or anything like it, though he once committed himself dangerously in a letter. The father was more reticent than the mother; perhaps more Canadian. He could say what he thought, but not always what he felt. His memories, like the mother's, were silent, flickering areas of light, surrounded by buildings that no longer exist.

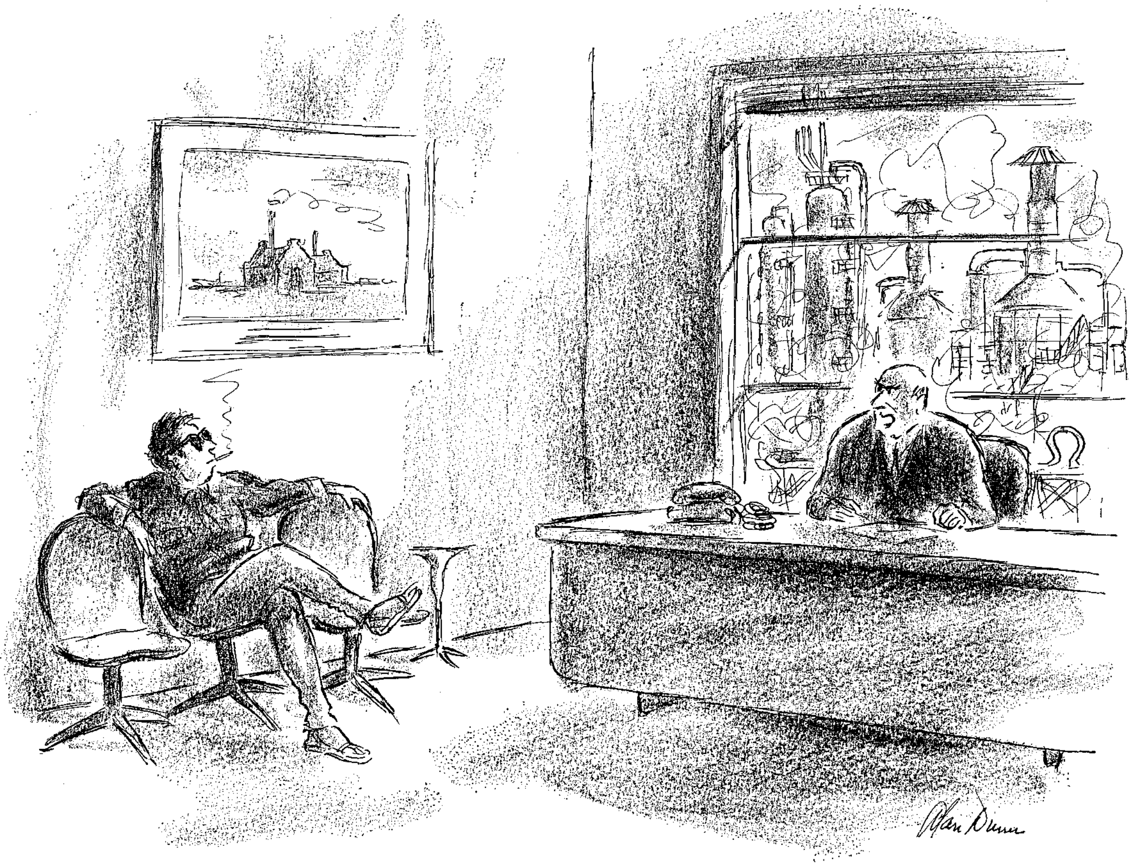
The son could not place himself in their epic story. They talked, but until the son became an eyewitness their lives were imaginary. Before he *was*—Douglas Ramsay—the world was covered with mist, palm fronds, and vegetarian reptiles. He said to his father, "The trouble is there are still too many people alive who remember all that." "All what?" "Oh, everything. The last war." He was trying to show the distance between them, yet he would have died for either one—perhaps the father first. That made him more violent toward them, and sometimes more indifferent. A year ago, when he was nineteen, he was awarded a fellowship that permitted him to study in Europe. He seldom wrote. Sometimes he forgot all about them. Their existence was pale, their adventure niggling, compared to his own. Family feeling had never dominated his actions; never would. Nevertheless, he discovered this: when he was confused, misunderstood, or insufficiently appreciated, a picture of his father stood upright in his mind. His father's face, stoic and watchful, transferred from a wartime photograph taken before true history began, appeared when Ramsay's emotions were dispersed, and his intellect, on which he depended, reduced to water.

HE was in Switzerland, it was a June day, he was recently twenty, and he had to get rid of chocolate wrappers. He had spent the morning in Montreux, and in the short train journey between Montreux and the stop nearest the chalet where he was a guest for the summer, Ramsay had eaten three quarter-pound bars of the sweet, mild chocolate only women are said to like. He could not abandon the wrappers on the impeccable train; he was suddenly daunted by Swiss neatness and the eyes of strangers. Hobbling up the path from the station, he concealed the papers under ferns and stones.

The chalet, set up on its shelf of lawn, seemed to be watching. It was like an animal, a bison, or a bear, hairy with vines and dark because of its balconies. Once he had got rid of the evidence, he stared boldly back. Parts of his body were unhinged; he was clamped together by invisible hooks that tore the fabric. His knees, his shoulders, his neck were wrenched loose, like the punishment of Judas in an engraving Katharine Moser had put in his room. He had been in a car accident two years before, and would never mend entirely. "Neither will my father," he said to himself. Their suffering—his own and his father's—burned the day black. The shrieking of birds, which Katharine Moser thought he ought to like because he was a musician, sank and lodged in every bone. He shut his eyes and stood still, and waited for the seizure to pass, for the muscles to unlock; then he opened his eyes and looked at the lawn. It had not been wrecked by a war or by a woman in temper but by something ordinary—a country storm. The grass was bestrewn with branches, bark, leaves, peony petals, chairs knocked sideways, a child's watercolors, a strand of dripping vine. A branch shivered and the drops that fell were colder than any water he had ever touched. He imagined Katharine Moser standing here and saying to Heaven, "How dare you do this to my lawn?" As he thought this, the sun came on in a burst of fire, and his face and hands were riddled by stinging light. He saw the mountains, whose names he was daily told and at once forgot, and he saw the burning color of houses that were miles away. This was the landscape that had belonged to Adrien Moser, the great conductor; it had no other reason to command his gaze.

The prospects Ramsay had known until this summer were of cities—Montreal, and then Berlin. They were the same to him, whether their ruins were dark and soft, abandoned to pigeons and wavy pieces of sky, or created and destroyed by one process, like the machine

TELEPHONE
FBModell



"So you don't want any part of the world my generation has made? Well, I think I can do something about that, Son."

that consumes itself. The air he had breathed was filled with particles of brick dust. He accepted faces, not one of which he would put a name to, and knew the smell and touch of wet raincoats worn by people he would never meet. In the streets of one place, Berlin, he walked on the dead, but both cities were built over annihilated walls scarcely anyone could remember. He knew that a lake is a lake—that is, a place to swim—and that parks and trees are good for children, but he had never known the name of a leaf or a tree until Moser's widow began telling him, comparing one wild grass with another, picking a flower, showing its picture in a book. In the morning, standing beside him in the ravine on the far side of the house, she pointed to fields of white anemones that seemed covered with frost, and she gathered forget-me-nots, wild geranium, mauve and violet and pink, and valerian like lace, and mare's-tails with fronds of green string. "The first plant life on earth," said Katharine, bending down. For a reason he could not immediately interpret, the words, and the sight of the plant in Katharine's hand, rushed him back to his mother screaming, and the wartime photograph of his father, which, of course, was mute.

Wishing for life without its past, for immeasurable distance from the first life on earth, he groped to Sabine and Berlin instead of Katharine and now. In the short daydream, Sabine frowned and turned her head sharply, then felt among the clothes on the floor for a cigarette. She told Ramsay she had had one abortion and would probably never marry. Later, she said she would travel and try a different husband in every country. She was not the doting German girl his father's crowd talked about in their anecdotes of the war. Her flat was shut up tight except when the janitor's wife came to clean and flung the windows wide. The janitor's wife was not concerned about Ramsay (who had not spent an entire night with a girl before) or Sabine dressed in two towels. "I saw a wild beast in the courtyard with black eyes, like an Italian," she said, scrubbing the sink. This was the only house on the street older than Ramsay, and the courtyard was full of rats and secrets. When it rained the courtyard smelled of ashes. Laughing about the janitor's wife and the Italian rat, Sabine stood naked before her mirror and said, "Look at how brown I am." One of her admirers had given her a sunlamp.

The first plant life on earth was spongy and weak; and the sun, in and out of clouds, sucked up every trace of color from Katharine Moser's hair and hand and eyes. He had seen color paler than Katharine's hand on angles of brick—was it paint splashed? Car lights washing by? There were no fissures in the brick, no space for fronds and stems, no room for leftovers. Why is brick ugly? Who says it is? Ramsay's father knows how much gravel per cubic centimetre is needed for several different sorts of concrete; he wrote his thesis on this twenty years ago, when he came back from the war.

"In Berlin," Ramsay started to say—something about bright weeds growing—but Katharine saw a magpie. "This is their season," she said. "They prey on fledglings." She told of the shrike, the jay, but he was thinking about the black, red-brown, smoke-marked courtyard in Berlin, and Sabine, shivering because she was suddenly cold, tender when it was too late, when there was no need for tenderness, asking what she considered serious questions in her version of English: "Was that all? Worth it? All that important?" She was not looking into space but at a clock she could not bother winding that was stopped forever at six minutes to three.

He and Katharine walked back to the lawn and the breakfast table, and she tipped her head like Sabine's, though not in remembrance of pleasure, only because the sun was strong again. She spoke to the cook's little boy, in straw hat and red shorts, pretending to garden; he was at their feet. Then behind and above them a branch rocked. It was Katharine's cat attacking a nest. The fury of the battle could be measured by the leaves rustling and thrashing in the windless day. A cat face the size of the moon must be over the nest; the eyes and the paws—there was no help for it—came through sunny leaves. The sky was behind the head. "Stop him, stop him!" Ramsay screamed like a girl or like a child.

"Pip! Naughty Pip!" She clapped her hands. "He's got one, I'm afraid." She was not disturbed. Neither was the cook's little boy, though he sucked his lip and stared up at the tree a moment more. "It is the cat's nature," she said. "Some things die—look at the spruce." (To encourage him.) "We think it is dying, but those fresh bits are new." The trees were devoured by something he did not understand—a web, a tent of gray, a hideous veil. The shadows netted on the breakfast table, on cups and milk and crumpled napkins, seemed a web to catch anything—lovers, stretched fingers, claws. He tried to see through Katharine's eyes: the cat had its nature, and every living thing carried a name.

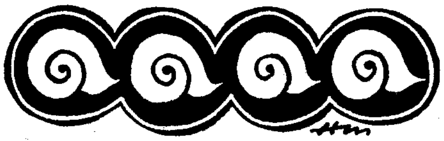
"Do you notice that scent, Douglas? Does it bother you? It is the acacia flowering down the valley. Some people mind it. It gives them headaches. Poor Moser," she said, of her late husband, the conductor, who had died at Christmas and would have been seventy-four this summer. "When he began having headaches he thought all trees were poisonous. He breathed through a scarf. That was the form his fears took."

"It's only natural to be scared if you're dying," said Ramsay. He supposed this; until this moment he had not given it thought.

"Old people are afraid," she said, as if she and Douglas were alike, without a time gap. (He had reckoned the difference in their ages to be twenty-five years.) "Although we'll know one day," she said, as if they would arrive at old age together. Lowering her voice, in case her adolescent daughter was spying and listening, she told how Moser had made her stop smoking. He did not want her to make a widower of him. He had chosen to marry Katharine because she was young, and he wished to be outlived. He was afraid of being alone. She, a mere child then, a little American girl nearly thirty but simple for her age, untalented, could not even play the piano, had been chosen by the great old man. But he forgot about being alone in eternity. "I told him," she said, putting the wild flowers in a glass of water on the breakfast table. "Unless two people die at exactly the same moment, they can never meet again." With such considerations had she entertained the ill old man. He had clasped her hands, weeping. His headache marched from the roots of his hair to his eyebrows, down the temples, around the eyes.

Ramsay was careful how he picked his way through this. For all his early dash and promise he was as Canadian as his father, which is to say cautious and single-minded. He had a mother younger than Katharine, who began all her conversations on a deep and intimate level, as if coming up for air was a waste of time. That made him more prudent still. He said, "Those the acacias?"

"The plum trees? They can't be what you mean, surely. That's the cuckoo you're hearing, by the way. If you count the calls, you can tell how many years before you get married. Peggy and Anne count the whole day."



He considered the lunatic cuckoo, but having before him infinite time, he let the count trail off. The cook's small boy, squatting over one mauled, exhausted, eternally transplanted geranium, heard Ramsay and Katharine, but they might have been cuckoos too for all he cared. The only English words he knew were "What's that for?," "Shut up," and "Idiot." This child, who was a pet of Katharine's, lunched with the family. Until Ramsay had come, a few days ago, the boy had been the only man in the house. He sat on a cushion, an atlas, and a history of nineteenth-century painting, so as to reach the table, and he bullied and had his way; he had been obeyed and

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EXTRAVAGANZA

Radio Keith Orpheum R K
O Radio Pictures presents Sestina:
The Story of Six Strange Loves A Bill Scott-
Jay Ward Production starring Siobhan
McKenna Lionel Barrymore
Francis X. Bushman Carroll

Baker and Leo G. Carroll
and also featuring Kay
Kendall Diana Barrymore
and Cantinflas in the role of Señor Sestina
Musical Score by Ralph Vaughan
Williams played by John Scott

Trotter and the Orchestra with Hazel Scott
at the Hammond Organ and Diahann Carroll
Patachou Sarah and Vaughn
Monroe Danny and Sammy and Kay
Kyser and Starr and the Sestina
Chorus and Orchestra John Barrymore

played by himself John Barrymore
Jr. played by himself as a child From the F. Scott
Fitzgerald novella "The Sestina
Caper" Adapted by Karel
Čapek Screenplay by R. K.
Narayan and William Vaughn

Moody Gowns for the Misses Vaughan
Lombard Negri and Barrymore
by Irene Special material for the Danny Kaye
number the George C. Scott-Scott
Joplin number and the Carol
Burnett number and the songs "Sestina

Sestina" and "Beach Blanket Sestina"
by Adolph Green Directed by Erich von
Stroheim D. W. Griffith and Carol
Reed *M Squad* and *The Garry Moore
Show* will not be seen tonight so that Scot-
Tissue Kelloggs makers of Special K

The P. K. Wrigley Company and your Avon
Lady can bring you Ethel Barrymore J. Carrol
Naish and Randolph Scott in SESTINA.

—GEORGE STARBUCK

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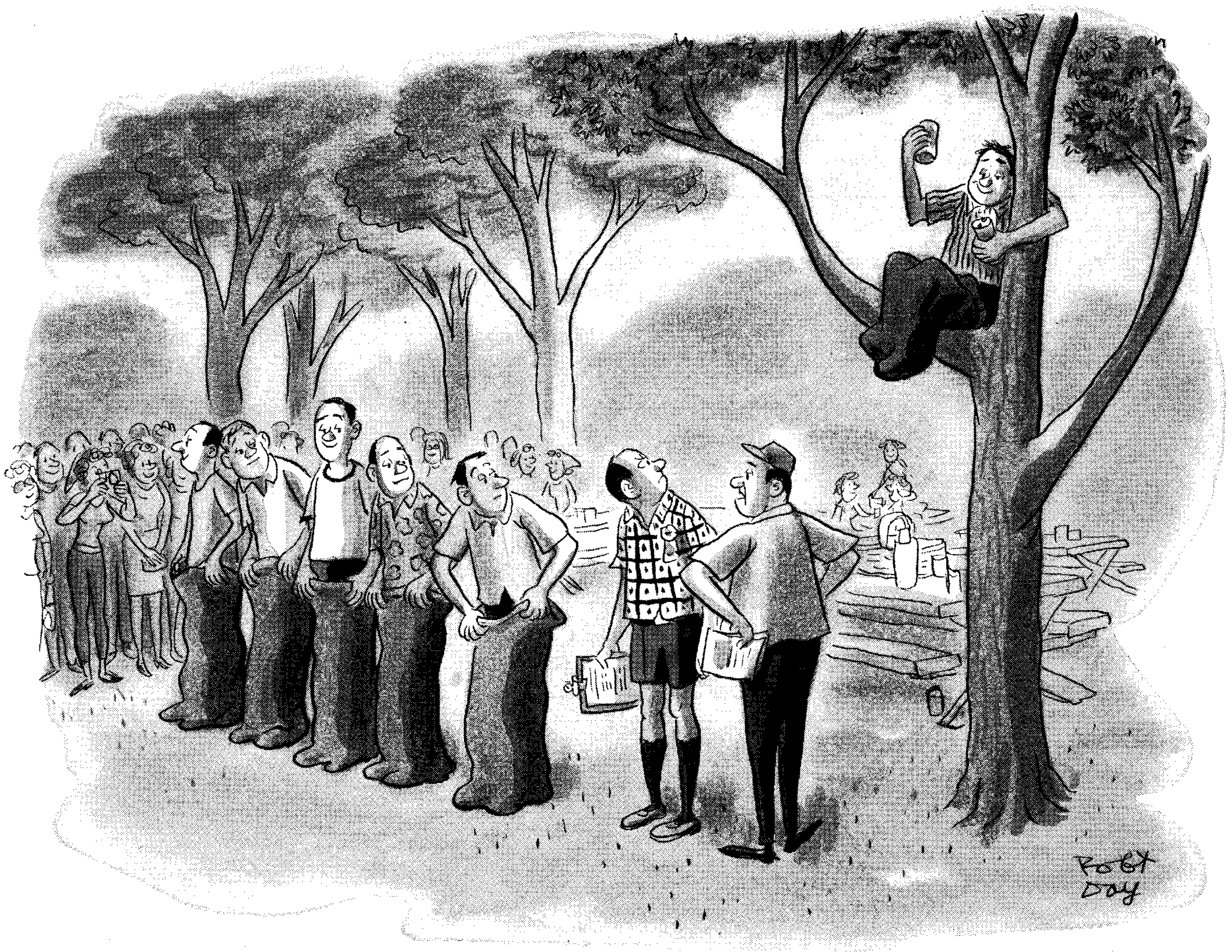


"If he weren't the defending champion, I'd say we should start without him."

• •

cherished by Katharine Moser and her daughter Anne; by fat Peggy Boon, who was Anne's friend; and by Nanette Stein, who was Katharine's. Now Ramsay was here, tall as a tree to the stooping child. When Ramsay said something to him, in French, he did not look, he went deaf, he muttered and sang to himself; and Ramsay, who had offered dominoes, and would have let the boy win the game, limped on up to the house, feeling wasted.

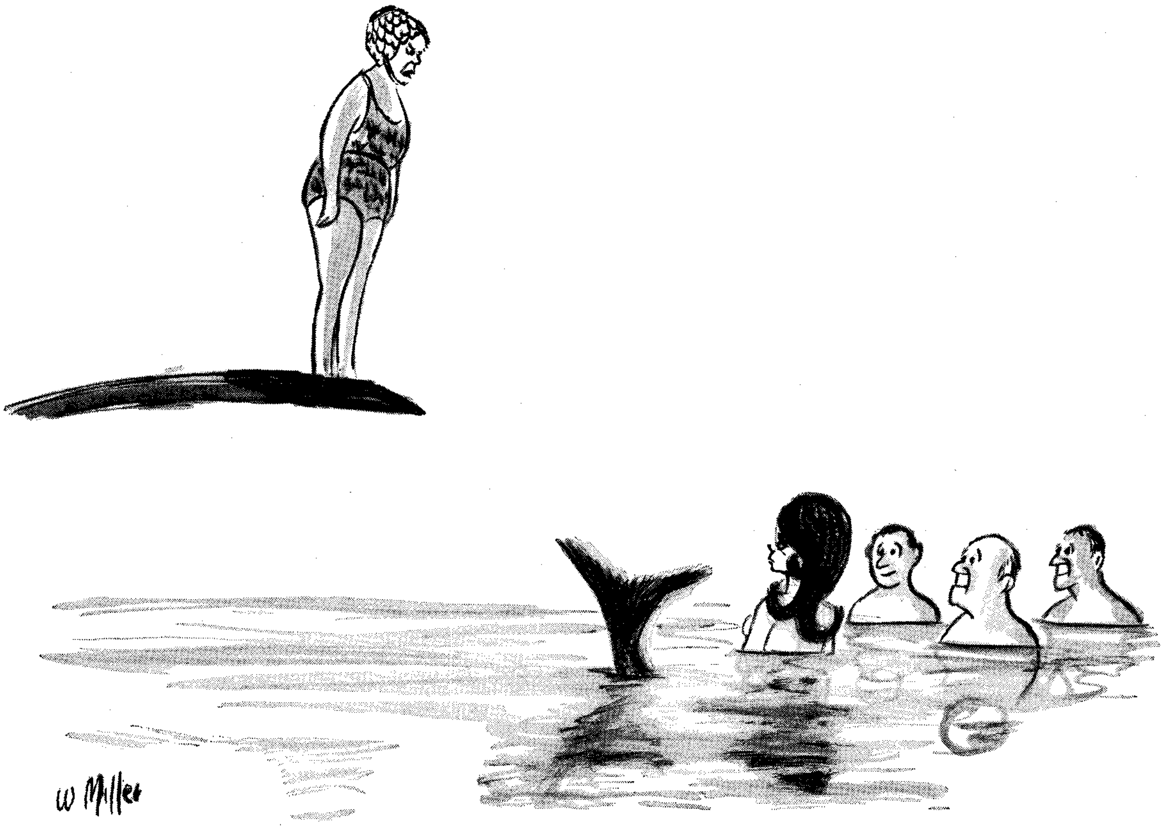
PEGGY BOON, fourteen, too plump and too boring to be a friend for Anne—unless Anne, already, chose her friends for contrast—had been mooning about the lawn ever since the storm ended, watching for Ramsay to come up the path. She let him look at the Mosers' view a full minute, and then stepped round from behind a tree. She had been making up a poem, she said flutily. No one made up poetry; Ramsay had never seen anyone making up poems. He glared over her head. She stood there, straight of hair, small of eye, fat arms across the new breasts she was flattening at night with a silk scarf—this information from Katharine, by way of Anne. She was an English rose, she feared silence, and pronounced her own name "Piggy."

"Everyone's out," she said, coloring deeply for no reason he cared to know. "Anne is playing tennis. I'm not keen . . . so . . . Nanette, well, I don't know *where* she is. She didn't say. Mrs. Moser went to visit the bees in case the thunder frightened them. She tells them everything. When Mr. Moser died she told the bees. She told them you were coming, and she's told them she is moving your things out of the house and into Mr. Moser's garden pavilion, and that you are his . . . his . . ." Unfolding her arms, stooping, she clutched at grass, as though weeding; she straightened up, she took courage, and announced, "*You* are Mr. Moser's spiritual heir." He was not listening to her. "If you don't tell the bees everything, Mrs. Moser says, they go away. But my mother," she added urgently, "says this is nonsense."

Like all English voices, hers sounded to him underdeveloped. He stared down at the cardigan, drooping and empty-armed, at the tight belt and bulging seat of what he supposed was a dainty frock. He had avoided one sort of Canadian girl all his life, and here was the pure, the original mold. He asked, "Did you know Adrien Moser?" It seemed impossible.

"Oh goodness, yes. This is the fourth time I've been here." She was gasping, as if he had splashed her with seawater. "I've been here a summer, and a Christmas, and an Easter, and *this* summer. Of course, he's not here now, is he?" If only Ramsay would say, "He must have been charming"—something like that. She pretended he had: "Oh he *was* charming! He used to do so many kind things. Once he offered to buy me a bicycle. I refused, of course. But imagine! He'd hardly known me five minutes then." Chewing on grass, airy and worldly now, she said, "I've been wondering. . . . No one's told me. Are you a composer?"

"I'm studying with Jekel in Berlin." And I am his best and strongest pupil,



"Young lady, are you a member of this club?"

• •

and if you knew anything you would know that, his mind continued. He had heard, for years, "Are you really only twelve? . . . only sixteen?" The voices had stopped; no one is ever likely to say, "Are you really only twenty?"

"Don't you want a chair?" said Peggy, wiping the seat of one with her cardigan sleeve. "You're not supposed to stand too long. I've heard . . . there's something wrong."

"Nothing's *wrong*. I was in a smash-up about two years ago, that's all. This girl was driving," he said. "It wasn't even her own car. There was all hell with the insurance. No one was killed."

"Oh, *good*." Having offered Moser's kindness, and had news of Ramsay's health, Peggy said, "Do you like Switzerland?" But she had lost him. Katharine Moser, with her cat in attendance, came toward them, smiling. The shadows that bent over her hair were cast by trees whose bark was like the skin of a snake. He had imagined another face for her; until a few days ago, he had known her only in letters. He had given her soft hair streaked with white, and humorous, intelligent eyes. His idea of a great man's wife was very near a good hospital nurse. Even now, when he thought, I am in Moser's house, he was grateful to the intelligent hospital nurse, who did not exist; at least she was not Katharine. Her eyes were green, uptilted. The straight parting in her hair was coquetry, to show how perfectly proportioned was her face. The only flaws he had seen were the shape of her nose, slightly bulbous at the tip, and the too straight body, which was a column for the fine head. The bees' scent, which clung to her hands and dress, was like incense. She was impressive, beautiful, fragrant, and until she lifted her arm to point to the pavilion where he would now sleep, and he saw the skin of the arm, palely freckled, spotted, slack, he almost accepted her own idea of herself, which was that she was guileless, a child bride, touchingly young.

"I wanted to know you before I put you in the pavilion. You do understand why? It mustn't be a museum, but I want it kept alive just by people he liked, or might have loved. It's furnished with— What is it, Peggy?" The smitten girl was following them across the grass. Katharine watched Peggy Boon skip off (pretending joy) and become excluded. "That girl is having a rotten time. My daughter is so rude," she said, and sighed, and forgot all about it. "Now, Moser's bed and his tiled stove came from the curé's room in a château. I bought them at an auction."

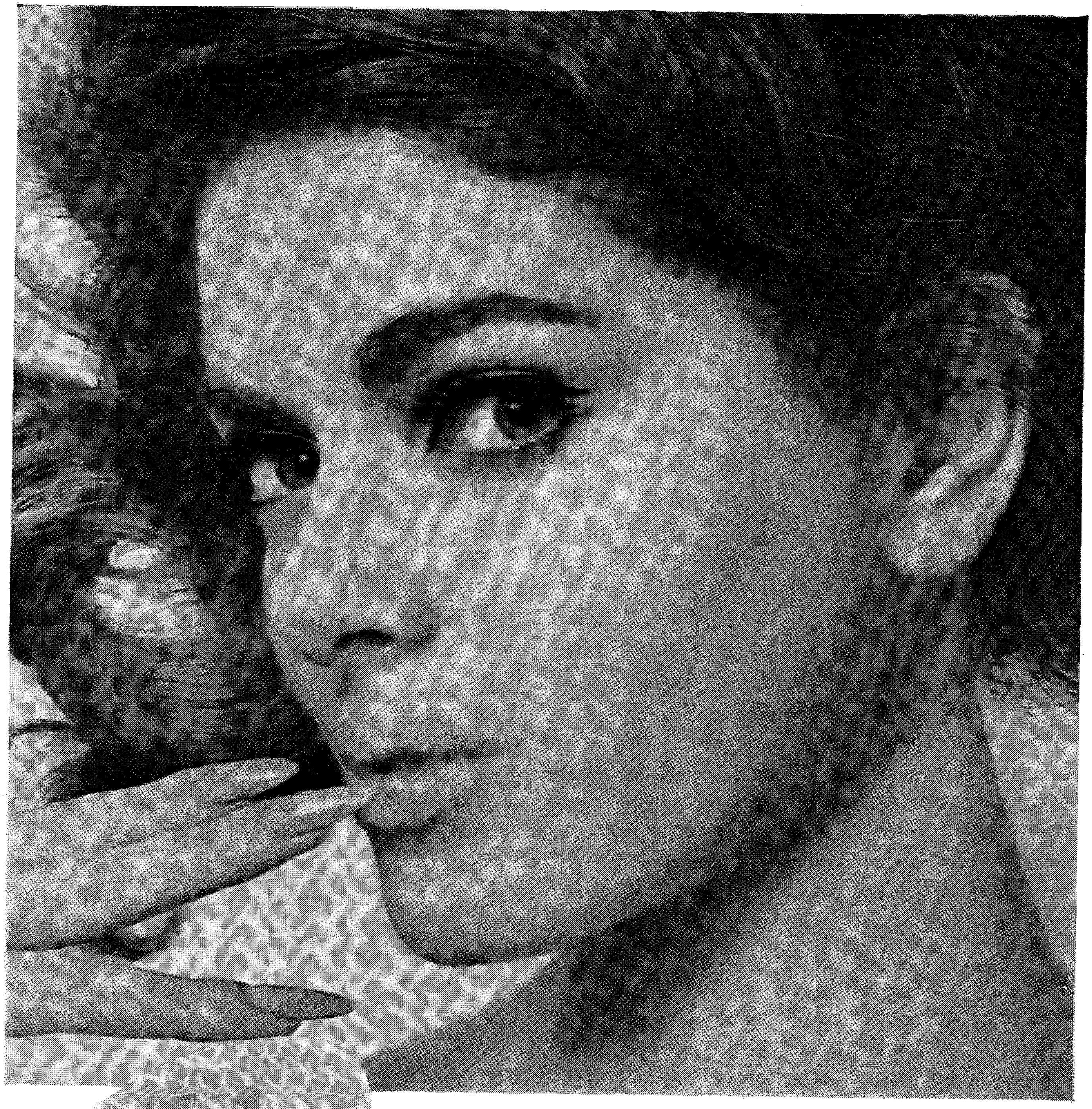
He ducked his head to enter the pavilion. The first thing he saw was the piano, small and gaily colored, looking like the piano sometimes given a little girl for her first lessons. He could not see the name of the maker, which had been covered over with paint.

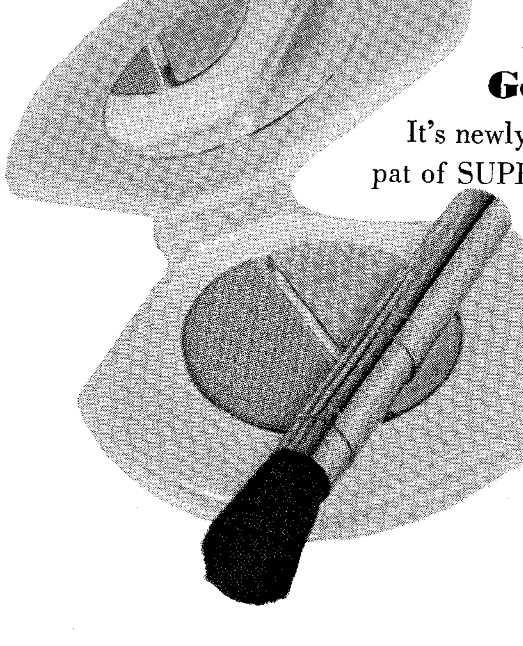
"Those engravings belonged to a fervent German monarchist who collected caricatures of the new rich, unaware that he was mocking himself. Moser liked objects that came from rich houses, providing they looked poor. He always thought he might die of hunger any day. He saved screws and tacks and elastic bands—you'll find boxes full of rubbish, all labelled. Moser told me that the walls of his family's house were covered with rugs they would not put on the floor, and that there were sheets over the rugs to protect them from light. I hope you will like your bed."

The bed was carved and bore a coat of arms and an angel's head. The angel had a squint; Ramsay could not tell if it was looking reproachfully to Heaven or out of the window. The pavilion had been prepared in secret, while Ramsay was down in Montreux at a movie. He saw roses, a reading lamp, and then he saw the last photograph of the old man. The old man sat on a bench, in sunlight, holding a scarf. Katharine stood with one hand on his shoulder. Moser's eyes were wild and fixed.

"This is a great picture," he said, taking it up. "It was in the papers when he died. Someone in Berlin said it looked like a famous picture of Freud going into exile."

"I don't know what you mean by that. Moser was never in exile. He died in his native country." She shifted ornaments on the washstand. A shell porcelain soap dish was moved from the extreme left to the far right. The vase of roses took its place. "Now, there are things you can look at, if you want to. Testimonials. All the obituaries. Boxes of caramels—I found them after his last stroke. He loved them, but wasn't allowed to have any. When we found the empty boxes I knew he'd been eating on the quiet. I've kept them—I





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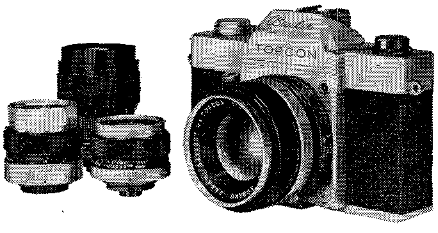

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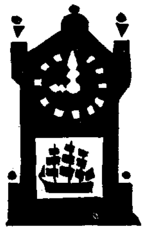
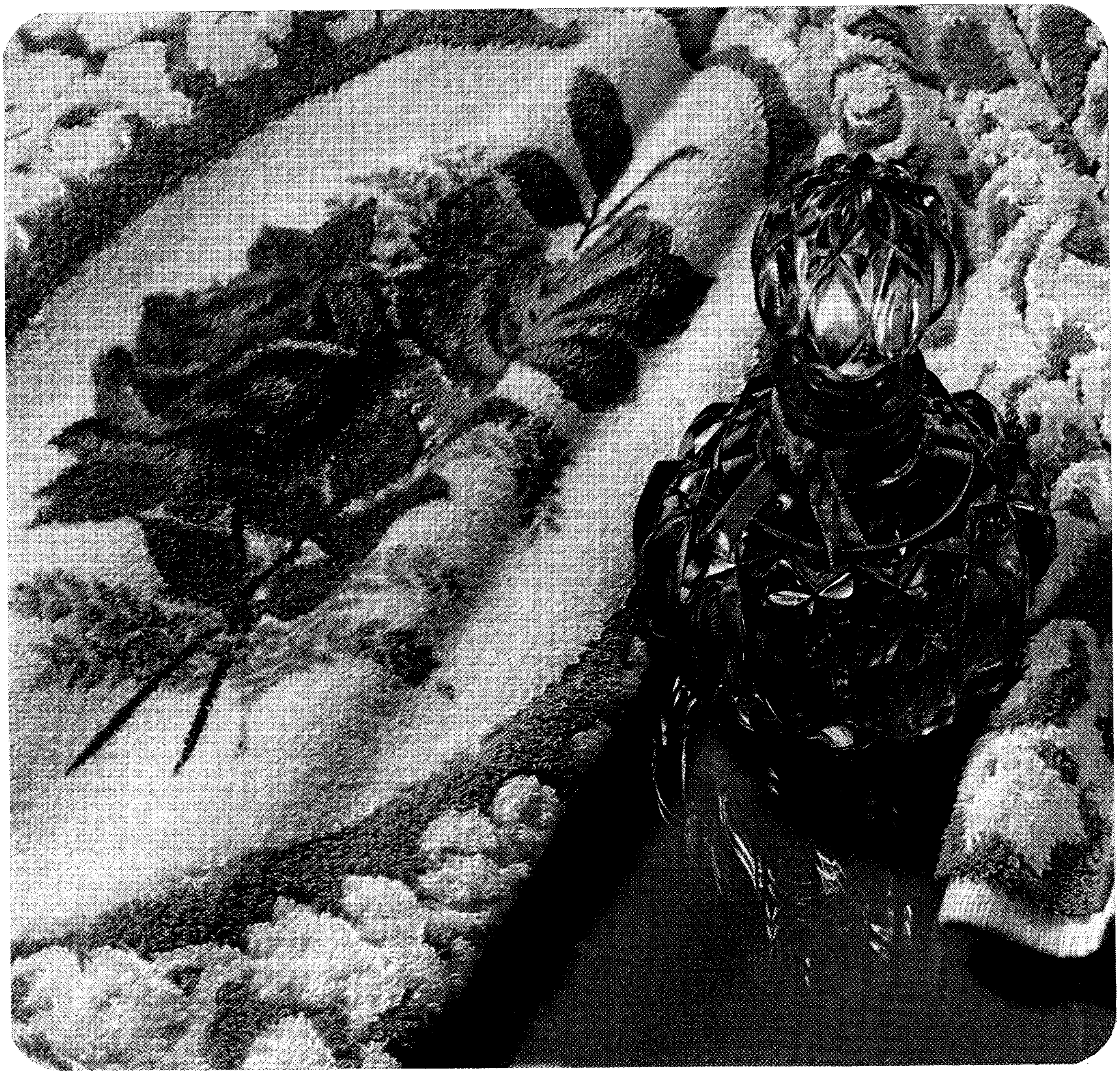
don't know why. This one wasn't opened." When she spoke of something she touched it. When she finished speaking she touched Ramsay's arm.

"Here's what they'll find after me," he said, and tumbled out of his pockets the marbles, the Yo-yo, and the sponge ball that were part of the reëducation of his injured hands. He was arrogant, he never doubted; it was a joke only in part. When Douglas Ramsay died, his Yo-yo and the plastic marbles would be placed on a shelf and labelled and dated, and dusted every day. He had never had parents; there was nothing behind him, nothing to come; the first plant life on earth had never existed; the cities would be reduced to mossy boulders; he would never have children; he would be mourned nevertheless. The curé's bed, Moser's bed, was Ramsay's bed. "How did he sleep in it?" they would say. "He was so big, and the bed is so small!"

THE first night Ramsay spent in the pavilion a large moth brushed against his face. He knew it would not bite or sting, but its touch was pure horror, and his reaction uncontrolled. The moth was paper-white until it blundered against the pillow, and then he saw it was cream. Indigo eyes were painted upon its wings. He shot XEX out of the blue can Katharine had left for mosquito-killing. The battle the moth put up for its life now frightened him witless. It flapped its way under the bed. The frantic wings were louder than his heart. During the fight, scores of incidental casualties—gnats, midges, spiders, flies—dropped from the ceiling. He was afraid to open the window or the glass doors in case any more creatures came in, and he lay in the poisoned room blowing his nose all night long. He was on a mattress of straw that was just slightly too short. He was covered with tons of eiderdown. In his mind he had an image of his mended bones beginning to slip. If he got up now, he would not be able to stand. He could see, in moonlight, the paved terrace and the chair that had been the old man's. The pavilion was like another beehive, and the old man had been sent here, with a curé's bed and a doll's piano, and told something: "You will be alone in eternity." "Don't eat sweets." "If you think you are dying, ring that bell."

At a quarter to six the sunlight on the wall made a stately shadow of the roses. The sun was smaller than a marble. Hills and trees received its light at an angle that made them a single spongy substance. Birds were shrieking. Ramsay pulled the eiderdown up to his eyes, which left his feet bare. When he woke up two hours after this, he took inventory of the roses; there were four yellow, two pale pink, and two garnet, which were dying. These were probably sensitive—like him—to XEX. He had nothing better to do than count by color; he was in the grip of believing that he would fail, that he was ungifted, that his crushed body would betray him, and that the years of his life—fifteen out of twenty—involved with music were a waste. He had a premonition that he would be the victim of an inherited fault. His father should help him now. His father had willed his existence: he existed in his father's mind from the moment his father knew he had survived the Dieppe raid in the last war. This extra time, when Ramsay existed in desire, gave him a margin of safety. He felt as if he had been given a present of time; no one else had this. He would outlive everyone. Moser had wanted to be outlived. His father was better than Moser. His father would never have whimpered and breathed through a scarf. His father had a calm, closed, gentle disposition. Patience and endurance distinguished his face, which otherwise might have seemed boyish. If only his father had not depended on love, or on an ideal of what a woman must mean in his life; if only he had not been implicitly certain he could expect only good of women, that love was the constant survivor; if only he had let his wife leave him when she wanted to—but then, what about Ramsay? After his accident, his father had put something in a letter that he was too reserved to say when he came to see Ramsay in the hospital. (Where had he written the letter, and how had he slipped it out to the mail? From his office, probably. Ramsay's mother, having once tried to cast his father away, was now devoutly jealous—a wastebasket hunter, letter filcher, telephone spy. She thought his father's pocket diary was written in code.) His father wrote, "I suppose two things have bedevilled our life. First, that I am hideously shy and totally lacking inwardly in any confidence. Second (and this is fact, not fiction), that I've puzzled and puzzled over what happened in 1942, over the hundred-million-to-one shot that landed me back among living people when I had joined the dead. The greatest denial of death is to love as I always shall





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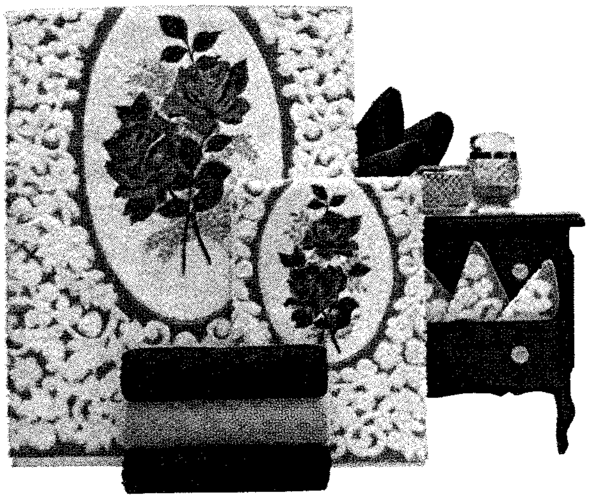

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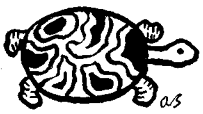
Caron is the kind of French every woman understands.

love you and your mother." Ramsay was too weak and too ill when he read it. He began to cry. They kept feeding him answers when he hadn't asked for anything. He would never say (though he thought it), "You both make me sick." There was still the early admiration for his father—not only for his unfaltering conduct but because of a childhood illusion that his father could, for example, look at the engine of a car and see what was wrong with it. And there was more—the conspiracy of two quiet men living in the same house with an intolerant woman.

As the sun above the dying spruce expanded, rose, became too brilliant to see, Ramsay surveyed his father's life and found it simple. "I love you" or "I don't love you" seemed puerile. His father had never had to cope—as Ramsay was doing—with doubts and terror and the possibility of lapsed genius. He had not even had to cope with a lot of women—only that one.

OWING to an exchange concluded with the enemy, Ramsay's father came back to Montreal about a year before the end of the war. He was part of a contingent of sick, wounded, and tubercular prisoners taken at Dieppe. Bonaventure Station received him. This was a dusty building with, on both the front and the back, a wooden porch that is called, in Montreal, a gallery. The paint on the gallery was scrofulous and diseased, and the station itself was the dark dry red that deflates the soul. It was at the foot of a steep hill; streetcars stopped before it after an awkward turn. For a long time the station had been used only for freight traffic, and then the Army took it over entirely. The Army put up cardboard squares with the letters of the alphabet so the next of kin would know where to wait, and assigned dozens of men to make sure the next of kin did not trample one another to death. Ramsay's mother was twenty-one. She sat under R for Ramsay the better part of a day, with her hands in the pockets of her camel-hair coat and her bare brown-painted legs stuck out straight before her. Ramsay knew, because she had told him, that there were no nylon stockings in those days, and that she wore her coat on a blazing hot day because of a guilty and confused desire to cover up. The men came through a door at the far end of the station, one by one. His father appeared; swung his kit down from his shoulder; stared into the dark. It was like a monkey house by then, with the dirt of the place, and the stopped-up toilets, and the children frightened, and the women screaming. She pushed her way up to him and with her fists in her pockets said, "I don't want to live with you. I don't want to be married at all. I couldn't tell you while you were a prisoner. Anyway the censor might not have let it through." Some women took their husbands home and lay like corpses so the husbands could see for themselves the marriage was over, but Ramsay's mother wouldn't have that. She was fiercely honest and saw nothing the matter with manslaughter. In the slow-motion film of someone else's memory, Ramsay saw his father there, home, alive, yes, but in a sense never seen or heard of again. His father was Canadian-silent, Canadian-trained, and had to make an intellectual effort not to be proud. He struggled out of the station and walked up the hill beside his wife and sat down with her on a bench in Dominion Square. A Salvation Army band played "Lamb of God, Sheep of God," which was taken up by a drunk woman sharing their bench. His father was so stunned, so exhausted, he forgot his name. He forgot what he was doing here—forgot the name of his native city. His wife said he would be an invalid all his life. He heard her say she hated sick people, and had married too young. Yet at the end of the afternoon she led him home and turned out the girl whose apartment she shared. Why? Pity, she told Ramsay. No, said his father; it was justice, the power of love.



Bonaventure Station was destroyed before Ramsay could see it. Most of the buildings his father and mother looked at when they were deciding his existence or nonexistence stand only on old postcards and in their account of that day. The bed belonged to the girl turned temporarily out of the flat, and no one knows what became of her. She married some man, said Ramsay's mother, and they left Montreal.

KATHARINE MOSER, companion of genius, generator of talent, dispenser of comfort, and mind reader as well, said, without leading up to it, "I suppose you were close to your mother?" They were in the car, and she was driving him he did not know quite where—to fetch drinking water from a spring, she said.

"I was closer to my father, actually"—this reluctantly. He pinched his lips together, for he had in his pocket one of his mother's long, self-justifying

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Our boss, Meg Rawls

Not long ago we visited a young A.T.&T. share owner.
We hope her questions and our answers may interest you.

Each year, across the country, Bell System management people visit share owners of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. They sample opinions, answer questions and explain the company's practices.

Share owners to be visited are selected at random. Their names and addresses give no clues as to business acumen or age.

James Thompson of Southwestern Bell Telephone, an Associated Company of the Bell System, was assigned to visit Miss Margaret Rawls of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. When he telephoned for an appointment, he was startled to find that she was seven years old. But Meg Rawls was in her best dress, hairdo and business mood when Thompson rang the doorbell of her parents' home.

The next hour and a half put Thompson through the hoops. The young lady's questions were basic and to the point. She wanted full answers and the figures that went with them. Finally, when Thompson stood up and shook hands, Meg decided that she was pleased with the way things were going in her company. For now, anyway.

Here are some questions Meg asked a few months ago. These answers go a little beyond Jim Thompson's. But not much. He says Meg wanted facts and our opinions.

"How many people work for the Bell System?"

The Bell System now includes nearly 800,000 men and women—more than the populations of Oklahoma City and Tulsa combined. But they work all over the country, and in all kinds of jobs. They're sort of a team. In the Associated Companies, they operate the local telephone service. At Western Electric, they make the phones. At Bell Telephone Laboratories, they invent new phones. Last year alone, 3000 college-trained young people joined the Bell System because they, like us, see an exciting future in the telephone business.

"What kinds of phones are there?"

Phones come in many sizes, styles and colors. Some are small for bedside tables. Others can hang on a kitchen wall. The new Touch-Tone instruments have push buttons for easier, faster calling and will someday let you pay your bills by phone! Trimline phones put the dial right in the handset. The Picturephone sets in Chicago, New York and Washington let people see as well as hear on the phone. Data-Phone sets actually let machines talk to each other at high speed. Other surprising new phones are coming along.

"How many people own telephone stock like me?"

Nearly three million people are now share owners of A.T.&T., parent company of the Bell System. The United States is one of the few countries where you can own part of the telephone company.

Some of Meg's stock is more than half a century old, having been left to her by a great-grandmother. Some is recent, purchased by her father who is with Oklahoma City's Liberty National Bank and Trust Co. Meg's grasp of business is partly the result of overhearing her knowledgeable parents' discussions, and partly native curiosity. She earns money doing chores and weeding, spends carefully, knows her savings to the penny.

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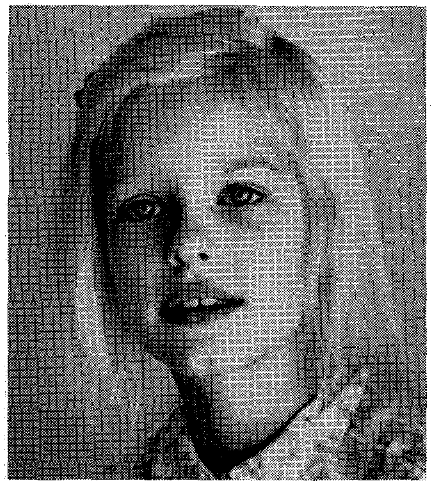

"Why do I get a check every three months?"

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"What does the Bell System do with all the money it gets?"

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letters, jumpy with dates: “In January 1946,” “Just after the Korean War,” “When we met at Bonaventure”—that was the important date, when he was not conceived, was not present, was not even deaf, blind, and upside down. She defeated him by making him present on that occasion. He was still her witness, as if she had wanted nothing more than a witness. He saw her belted coat, her curly hair brushing the collar, her straight bare legs. He was afraid of contamination; his father’s sweetness, his gentleness were in the blood. He knew—because many times told—how she had been persuaded. Victory for the man! Yet it was she who stood up abruptly, slung her handbag over her shoulder, and took him home to bed.

“You are so quiet—you live in music, I can see that,” said Katharine, driving. “Do you have”—she sounded eighty-five and senile to him now—“time for girls?”

He had slept badly, and his legs were too long for the Mini-Minor. He edged slowly around so that he was facing her profile and, after the second’s reflection in which he decided not to say, “Mind your own damn business,” he suddenly told her about Sabine. He handed over Sabine, the slut, the innocent, the admirer of her own body, the good-natured, the stupid, the avaricious, the maker and seeker of love. The first woman he had spent a whole night with became an anecdote. He said, “Finally, she met an Arab prince. I mean a real one, in skirts. Jewelled dagger. He gave her some crappy bracelets that probably came from Hong Kong. She was excited. Every time you’d see her she’d be trying to write him a letter. But she made an awful mistake. When he left Berlin she said, ‘Well, *shalom.*’ She thought it was a kind of Middle Eastern ‘*Ciao.*’ You know what the Arab said? He said, ‘That’s not exactly us.’ ” Ramsay’s laughter was loud.

“And that wiped her out as a wife for you? Her *bêtise?*”

“I’m not looking for a *wife.*” He wondered if she knew he was twenty and would have to live for a long time on grants and on the allowance his father gave him.

“Creative men should marry young. It stabilizes them.”

What was she getting at? He looked at her calm profile, at her competent hands. She had the habit of opening and closing her hands as she drove, and slightly lifting her foot, so that the car, for a fraction of time, had to drive itself—though never long enough to take them off the road. He muttered about affinities and someone whose interests, whose mind and background . . .

“That’s not marriage,” said Katharine impatiently. “You didn’t sleep with Sabine for her mind and background. Moser did his best work after he married me. I brought him back to the country, where he belonged. I made his life calm and easy, and kept him close to nature.”

Owing to a mistake in time, he was having a conversation with a very young girl who was somehow old enough to be his mother.

“I would have thought that anything Moser did was separated from nature,” he said. “He would have been what he was in a hotel room. In jail.”

“Without the wind in the trees and the larks?”

Ramsay reflected that these had probably been a nuisance. Katharine’s letters had been intelligent; she had used another vocabulary. If she had talked about the wind and larks, he would never have come. “I’ve explained it all wrong,” he said, though he thought he had not. “I mean that everything he did was intellectual. He was divorced from nature by intention. Now do you see?”

“Nothing can be divorced from nature and survive.” She looked angry, creased suddenly. He saw how she would be fifteen years from now. “Look at what has happened to music. To painting. It is the fault of people like you.”

He should have let it go, but he was angry too. Who was she to attack him? She had invited him here; he had not arrived like a baby on the doorstep. When the old man died, Ramsay had written a polite and thoughtful letter to his widow, in care of the Swiss nation, and had been surprised to receive a warm embrace of an answer, in English. *She* had kept on writing; *she* had—the fine, and humorous, and courageous hospital nurse. (He forgot how it had pleased him, for once in his life, to play up to a situation, to pretend it was not over his head, to show off his opinions, pretending all the while to be diffident—to gather favor, to charm.)

If, at this moment, she was thinking, You are not what I expected, she was to blame. She was ignorant of music. She was the persistent artists’ friend who inspires nothing but a profound lack of gratitude. He was feeling it now. He said, “Painters learn to paint by looking at pictures, not at hills and valleys, and musicians listen to music,

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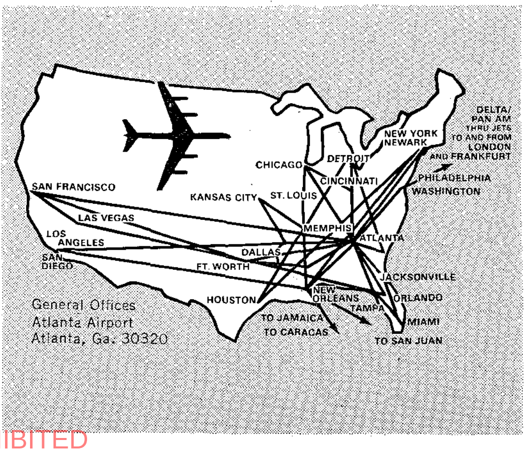
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not the wind in the trees. Everything Moser said and wrote was unnatural. It was unnatural because he was sophisticated." Her head shot round, and to her blazing eyes he said, bewildered, "It is a compliment."

They drove on in a silence that presently became unbearable. "Very soon it's too late," his mother had remarked, of quarrels. Her staccato letter jumped through his mind: "I said if you can't take a holiday when I need one I had better go without you. I shall go where there are plenty of men, I promise you that. He said, Go where you like my darling. I said, A woman like me shouldn't travel alone. I must have bitched up my life. He had the gall to say, All right I agree you've bitched it up but it wasn't all my fault. I was driving and I felt his crippled existence beside me and I thought mine might not be better. The weather is beautiful as it always is in Montreal when he is being impossible. There must be more accidents more murders more nervous breakdowns more hell in October and June. Where was I? Oh yes. When I got out of the car I saw he was crying. Pity for himself? Guilt over me?"

All at once Katharine parked sharply. Reaching behind her for a basket of empty bottles that had been rattling on the floor, she said (smiling to show they were friends again), "Is it true you have never seen a spring?" In an evil grotto a trickle of water squeezed out of the rock. A mossy stone pipe rested on the edge of a very old bathtub and dispensed a stream that overflowed the tub and ran deviously along a bed of stones, under a stone bridge, and out of sight. They stood, she worshipping, he blinking merely, each crowned with a whirling wreath of gnats. "I *own* this source," she said, and to his horror she immersed the bottles one by one in the tub. She filled each with typhoid fever, conjunctivitis, amoebic dysentery, blood poisoning, and boils. She capped them, smiling all the while, and put them back dripping in the basket; the basket was packed in the car, and they drove away.

NIGHT after night he fought flies, midges, mosquitoes, and moths, most of which expired on his pillow or on the white bedsheet. They seemed determined to perish upon a white expansion—some mountaintop of their own insect literature and mythology—instead of going and dying in a corner where Ramsay need never see them again. One night a dying fly got in his wastebasket and thrashed and buzzed. Every time he thought it had stopped it began again. At luncheon next day he told how it had kept him awake.

"All you had to do was squash it," said Anne. She was tall, and still growing. She looked at him intently. The others seemed to concur—piggy Peggy (whom he had just interrupted) and Katharine and her friend Nanette Stein.

"Shut up," said the cook's little boy, but they turned to English now, putting a stop to Peggy's recital, in creeping French, of a visit she had made three days before to the market at Vevey. She rushed into English too: "There was nothing Swiss in Vivey, you know, nothing but vigitables." They were all sick of her. She was Anne's guest, but Anne had left her once again for the whole morning. "Time went so fast when you were away," Peggy went on calmly. "Goodness, it was half past ten before I knew *when* it was. I washed my green woolly and I wrote Mummy and Phyllis and I went for a lovely walk." A barely perceptible collective sigh went round the table, a collective breath of boredom. "I went farther and farther, straight on and up and on. The road was so steep! I thought, What if I should slip and fall? What a long way it would be! And so I turned and came back. I saw a herd of lovely Jersey cows, each wearing a bill, and I thought, How lovely! The biggest cow had the biggest bill, and the smallest one had the smallest bill. They made heavenly music."

"Bell?" said Nanette.

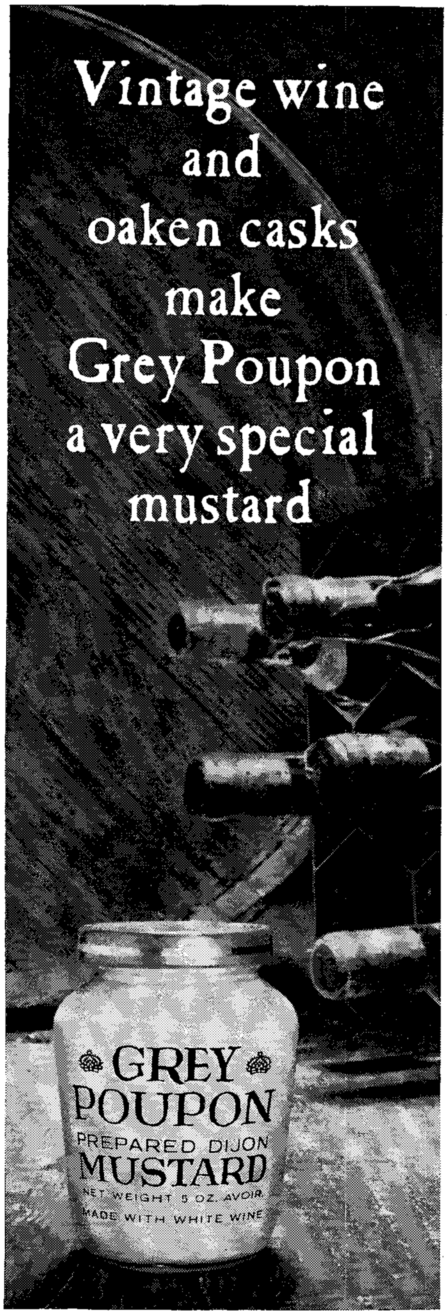
"Yes, bill," said the crimson child. "I thought, Goodness, why haven't I got a camera here?"

"I would have lent you a camera," Nanette said. "For such an original photograph."

Peggy's flush now seemed merely gratitude that the subject had been taken up. "If they don't move the cows, I could find them again easily."

"Aren't you afraid, going out alone among a herd?" said Nanette. She seemed subordinate, playing up to the others, and Ramsay wondered exactly what her role had been when the old man was alive.

"Not of cows, no, but actually as I went up and up I was thinking of that English lady who was waylaid and killed on a lonely road in Switzerland. It was near here."



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"Never in Switzerland," said Nanette.

"And then there was that other one, a younger one. I remember it. You know, knocked down and bashed about. I'm sure it was here. I thought, Well, there's no use hanging about here waiting for *that*."

"Men do attack girls," said Anne suddenly. The rest were uneasy, for now the ridiculous obsession had shifted from Peggy, who was a joke, to Anne, whom they were expected to take seriously. Peggy had touched an apprehension so deeply shared by the women that Ramsay felt himself in league with the cook's child, and suspected of something. For some reason, confirmation that she had been in danger made Peggy cheerful. She passed around a trunk key found on the road half an hour away from the house. No one claimed it, and so she dropped the key back in the pocket of her blazer and went skipping out of the house and across the lawn, fat and maddening, with Anne behind her. The others sat smoking, watching the pair through the dining-room window.

"I hope her holiday is a success this time," said Katharine gravely.

"It never will be," said Nanette. "This is as successful as life can ever be for that girl—going to stay with a friend and talking twaddle."

Katharine waited until she and Ramsay were alone. "I want to ask you something," she said. "A great favor. Would you be nice to Nanette? Pay attention to her? She's a lost, unhappy creature. She was a bright young pianist, though you wouldn't know it now. Moser encouraged her. Do you notice how Anne ignores her? About two years ago Nanette began writing to Anne, who wasn't quite thirteen. What could I do? Anne had often seen her here. But I didn't understand why Nanette should write every day to a child half her age." Moser was too old to be bothered. What Katharine had done, she said, was slip into her daughter's room and find Nanette's letters. Anne had gone out early. She found the letters easily; Anne had her father's Swiss neatness. She saved programs, menus, anything to do with herself. There was a narcissism about Anne. . . .

"What happened?"

But Katharine would not be rushed. Her own upbringing, she said, had risen like a wave. She felt watched by her own mother, who would never have done such a thing. She almost put the letters back.

This, Ramsay thought, was a lie. Katharine had sat on her daughter's

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Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

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1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
¾ oz. Galliano 1½ oz. Rum
½ Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
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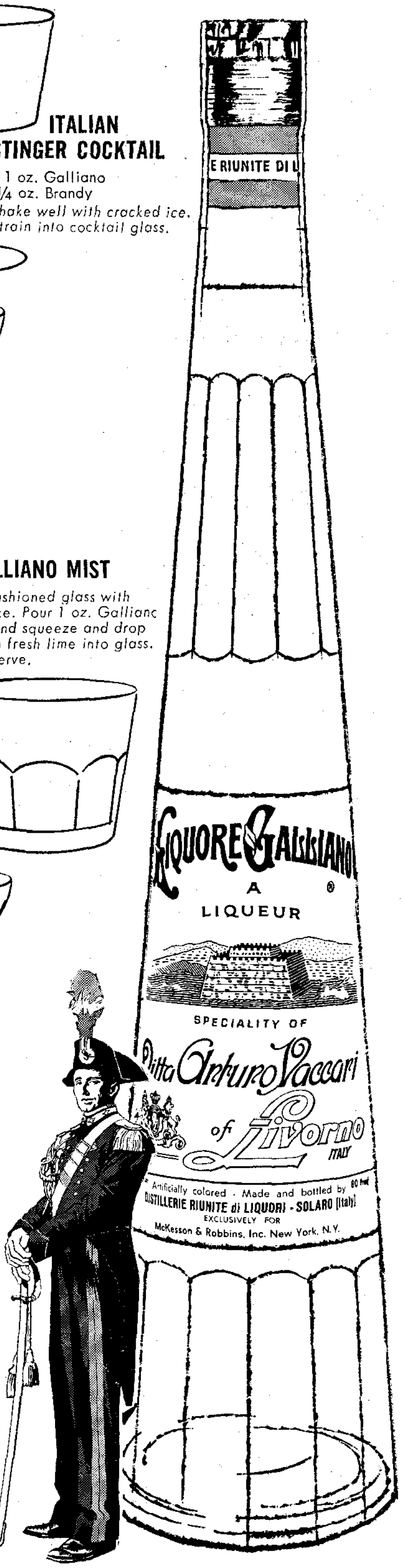
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1½ oz. Scotch ½ oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.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bed, like her mother before her, like his mother pursuing his father, and read methodically, smoothing the pages on her knee. What Katharine saw, she said (holding up thumb and finger joined, to show with what distaste she had invaded Anne's life, and how revolting the letters were), made her see that the correspondence must stop. She drove to Ascona to have a word with Nanette, who was discovered sharing a cottage with a gendarme Englishwoman. She described that too: the rage, the tears, the abject guilt. Katharine looked tolerant and sad.

"What's Nanette doing here now?"

"But she's a friend—an excellent person. Besides, Anne has outgrown her. I sent Anne to a school where her letters are surveyed. She needed English, and her manners wanted straightening out."

Reflecting on Anne's treatment of Peggy, he thought the school wanting. And he still did not see why Nanette should be here, in the house.

He started to write to someone back home, "Honest to God, the *radar* around here," but tossed it in his basket. When it disappeared from the basket, he remembered something his father had said about women's curiosity: "You can't leave a thing around. They *uncrumple* everything."

NANETTE STEIN was a slight woman of twenty-seven, with a small, squashed face and a fringe of curly hair that seemed to start up from the middle of her forehead. She watched Ramsay eating his breakfast, and asked fierce questions about the racial problem in America. She told him that when an African concert tour had been organized for her (and a lot of work it had been, Katharine put in, letting Ramsay know who had been the influence behind it), she had been asked to leave South Africa. She had been shunned by British women in Northern Rhodesia. She was proud of it. Music was a waste of time when you saw the condition of the world.

Katharine, shelling peas under a large hat, seemed grave and interested, and nodded without committing herself. Nanette had gone to Barcelona just to help a strike once. She had been arrested and conducted to the frontier. When she saw the mounted policemen, the horses, something in her, a revolt against injustice (she brought her fist down on the table, remembering), made her scream and curse and fling herself against them, pummelling the horses, swearing at the police.

"I know, they say you made a lot of noise," said Katharine mildly.

Ramsay's mind snapped off; he tuned them out. He could see how this would appeal to an extremely bright girl of twelve or thirteen. Katharine might have been wrong. Nanette had perhaps been proselyting impersonally, politically.

"I decided never to touch a piano again," said Nanette.

No one touched a piano here. He had expected it to be the house of music, but he heard only the very light quarrelling of women. The music room with its records and library of scores might have been surrounded with vines and brambles. Nothing had been added for years. When he asked Nanette to play for him one evening (his way of answering Katharine's request to be nice to her), she fetched a tape recorder and they sat in the garden listening to her repeating one movement of a Haydn concerto. When she stumbled she said "*Merde*," and that was the clearest part of the tape. He thanked her when she turned the machine off.

"It's about three years old," she said. "I was trying to make something decent for Katharine."

"Does she like music?"

Nanette looked completely scandalized, as if he had been angling for gossip. She scowled and said, "I don't know what either of them liked, finally. He was old when I met him. He came to a concert in Lausanne. It meant a lot to me. He never came out anymore. It was known he hated crowds and towns. If you wanted to play for him, you had to come up here, and then you might get a telegram at the last minute telling you not to come. He had something like asthma. Some days he lay gasping—there." She pointed to the chair where Ramsay sat. "He sat with a shawl over his knees, looking down at the lights of towns he never went to. I'd played the Prokofieff Second. I hardly dared ask what he thought. He said, 'Very pretty, my child, very pretty.' Pretty! It's so Swiss—everything is *joli*. But *she* fascinated me. She was in green, in a dress like a sari, with the black hair, and the eyes. I felt like a little provincial. She had so much more than anyone, and he was fine-looking, still. I never had seen a couple like them and never will again. And then she called me and said, 'We would like to see you again.' Oh, they were such a couple. People fell in love with them. And Moser—of course, he stopped doing anything

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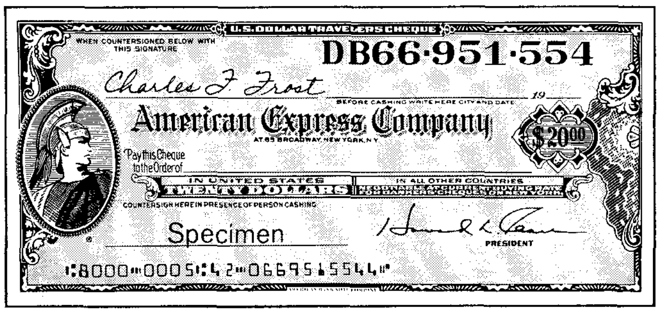

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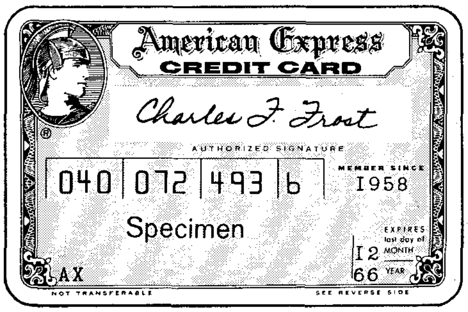

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here. All that wild grass was bad for his asthma. But *before!* He was a conductor and a teacher and . . .”

“I know.”

“Look at them now. Look at your hero, Jekel, in Berlin. What does he write? A ten-minute opus every other year.”

“Not my hero—my teacher.” Ramsay was secretly reassured. He admired his teacher but did not mind hearing him attacked.

“My mother thinks activity is genius,” he said, and smiled.

“HE was a bit dotty at the end,” said Nanette, trusting Ramsay. She walked beside him with the docility of a little dog. As they passed the kitchen—Nanette staring straight before her and talking in a low voice—Ramsay turned and saw the face of the cook, which was frightened and haggard, and so exhausted that, although her eyes met Ramsay's, she did not see he was there. The kitchen was on the north side of the house, under a long balcony; a single light above the stove had already been turned on, and the cook moved toward it and became saffron-colored. “They dote on her little boy and spoil him,” Ramsay said to himself, “but I have never even been told the cook's name.”

“He was a bit touched, at the end,” Nanette said. “He was fond of Peggy in a senile way, but she was so stupid she didn't seem to notice she was being pawed. He would offer to buy her presents, and she would simper and say no. Katharine was deathly afraid the child would tell her mother. That's why she's asked her back now; she wants to show it is a normal household.”

“Did Moser like living here?”

“It was his house.”

“You don't feel he lived here. That piano . . .”

“He didn't need a piano. He used to go for walks and be lost or tired, and then he would get some farmer to ring her. She was always rushing off in the car to bring him home. She would find him sitting in a hot kitchen, and he would get in the car smelling of cabbages and cooked fat. His clothes reeked of farm kitchens, but that isn't to say he felt at home there either. He was never comfortable with country people. He would sit with his hands on his walking stick, waiting for Katharine. Katharine was foreign-looking, but she got to them. She would sit down, and she would just begin telling about herself and her bees, never asking questions. Why, I've seen farmers come to help her get a swarm back, and you know they don't bother about each other, let alone strangers. As for him, oh, presently he began to hate walking. And the doctor said he had to walk, he had so much wrong with him. She had to coax him out, bribe him with caramels—because he wasn't supposed to have them and they were a treat. ‘Just one ten-minute walk,’ I've heard her say, ‘ten out, ten back, twenty minutes in all,’ but he was too muddled to count. It was along here.” She meant the path where stones were now hurting Ramsay's feet. He also was supposed to exercise, but he hated it. He trudged on with Nanette, counting ten out, ten back, twenty minutes in all. She plunged her hands in the pockets of her leather coat. Her Aberdeen Angus hair seemed to him touching. Old maid at twenty-seven, older than Katharine, she let her hands pull at the shape of her coat.

The old man was dragged for a walk along this road, Ramsay reflected, looking at the silken grasses he did not care to identify, though he knew they were not alike. Like Moser, he craved anything sweet. He would have gone to the village, but if he asked for the car, Katharine would know. She would have driven him, without reproach, but he did not want her to know. Ramsay saw the old man on a bench on this stony road with smuggled chocolate in his mouth. He broke off only one square and let it melt slowly. If the old man had chocolate, then he would look at anything she wanted—at fields and chalets catching the strong evening sunlight, and clouds going pink, and one cloud pressing like a headache on a peak. If he walked to the village—but that was impossible, he never would again, for it was thirty-five minutes down, even on the shortcut by the tracks, and nearly fifty back, because it was so steep. Perhaps she thought he was meditating here on the bench. He was huddled into his cape because the evening was suddenly cold. His intellect dissolved, his mind was like water, his powers centered only on the things to eat he was forbidden to have.

“This is where the picture was taken,” Ramsay said, stopping before the bench. “The old man, with Katharine beside him. Now I know why he looked in exile. He had to go for walks, and he couldn't eat what he wanted. Like a kid.”

Nanette looked at the bench too. "Everyone in music is childish," she said. "Our mothers stand beside us when we practice, from the age of four."

"Somebody has to."

"Musicians live between their mothers and their confessors, forever and ever. If they lose them, they find substitutes. They *invent* them. *Marry* them. They marry one or the other. Always two in their lives, you'll notice. The mother and the confessor."

"No, it is not childish," Ramsay was saying to himself. "I know that *I* am not childish, I am older than my parents, but sometimes, even when I am not hungry . . ." He stopped; it was too secret. Then, crossing his mind, unsummoned, came "cruelty." It was only a word, a tag on a tree; it was like Katharine's voice saying "larch," "spruce," "acacia."

"He should have been in a city," said Ramsay. "It's as simple as that. That mania he had for collecting, even. It's a clue. They are all things you use in cities—pieces of metal, paper clips."

"A simple case of thrift," said Nanette. "Very Swiss."

He looked down at her face. "Where's your home?" he said. "Where are you from?"

"I've told you. Ascona." Her face seemed smaller all at once. "All right. From Vienna. Before that, Poland. Now you know everything. If you want the whole truth, the real truth, he didn't like foreigners. He made horrible jokes about Jews in front of me, to see if I would laugh." All Nanette had done was apply a new name, just as Katharine had said grass was millet. Ramsay would see her now wearing a tag. They heard cowbells from the valley. "Katharine thinks they sound like Oriental music," she said, smiling miserably.

"Shows how much she knows about that."

But she would not follow up what she had been saying. Without meaning to, he had made her unhappy. She talked as if they had only just met, and began all over again about the racial question in the United States.

RAMSAY had accepted the old man's bed, but the bath repelled him. He was glad when, one day, the taps ran nothing but rust and he was obliged to share one of the bathrooms in the house. He came into an early-morning house, with the cook stirring and the little boy eating bread on the stairs, and Nanette, encountered in the hall, wearing a striped bathrobe. Nanette had left

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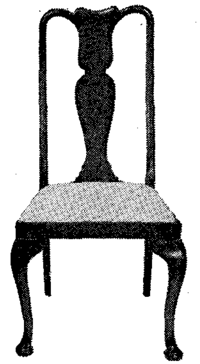
the room full of steam and lavender. Wet washcloths festooned the tub. He removed a wire hanger holding six stockings, and, just before he turned the shower on, he listened to church bells and to thunder. Ten minutes later the lawn was obliterated by gray smoke. The tree where Pip had hunted was still. Over the thunderclap came more bells, as if to silence the sky. The wind rose all in a moment, and the first drops of rain were flung against the house. By the time he had finished shaving, soft silent rain fell from a bright sky. The air was cold. Birds sang, but the strongest sound was a brook. Now a voice covered it—Katharine's voice, complaining about last night's supper. "The soup was out of a can, the hamburger was cooked black, and I don't call half a slice of tinned pineapple on a bit of rusk a pudding. It really is unfair—I take the boy over entirely. I keep him out of the kitchen. You've got nothing to do but the meals. As for the salad, there was too much vinegar *and* too much oil. I don't know how you manage to have too much of both."

In the room where the young girls slept, light came through flimsy curtains. Ramsay, coming into the room, saw Peggy hunched, sheet up to her forehead, tufts of coarse fair hair showing like bristles. Her pillows were on the floor. Anne lay with a leg and an arm and a small breast outside the blanket. On the pillow a wreath of dead wild flowers was half crushed by her head. Her brown smooth face was lightly oiled. Watching the sleeping girl, he knew what he could be capable of, provided she loathed him, or was frightened of him. Better fear than hate. When he touched Anne her breathing changed; he thought he saw a gleam between her lashes. Watching, she made no move. She was waiting to see what could happen. Outside, Katharine called, "Pip, Pip!," beating her hands. Peggy awoke and, with a rapidity he would never have thought possible in the dull girl, sat up and looked. There they were, Anne cold and excited, her heart like a machine under his hand, and Ramsay the vivisectionist, and poor Peggy, who had been in love.

TO amuse Ramsay, Katharine now organized excursions. She took them to restaurants where they lunched sitting on balconies brilliant with roses, where she ordered the food with frowning care, putting on her glasses to read the menu, suggesting and planning for them all. She had noticed that he was greedy. She watched him, sagely and fondly. She had wakened some-



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thing—perhaps only a craving for strawberries and cream—she later intended to curb. Nanette looked at her, and at Ramsay, and began having headaches, and finally dropped out of their party altogether. She looked dark and wretched when she was left behind. "The truth is, she gets carsick," said Katharine, as if some other excuse had been offered and was a lie. The young girls looked through Ramsay and round him and not much at each other. They played an acquisitive game called Take It Home and fought over museums, ancient jewelry, ski lifts, whole restaurants, a view, a horse, other people's cars, but stopped short of people. Peggy was pink with joy at being included, but Ramsay knew that she, and not Anne, had been scared to death that morning in their bedroom.

After these excursions he was stiff and sore, and could hardly move his arms and legs at night or turn in bed. His memory of each day was of eating and drinking beer on blowy terraces and of parasols knocked down by wind. Katharine took him to see a famous church treasure, and to Zurchers for tea, where they sat next to Noël Coward, and to Lausanne for an exhibition of French sculpture and painting. She brought the cook's child this time, and the two girls went to a movie. Katharine wore her glasses, and looked at the catalogue in her hand before examining any of the paintings. The two men of the household walked one on each side of her. Ramsay, shut up in a series of large rooms full of paintings, rid of three out of four of the women, began to breathe.

"These Impressionists," he began. "They seem kind of tied to their wives, you know what I mean. They were limited to their wives' gardens. You feel they all had something wrong with them and that the wife was waiting with a cup of tea and some medicine." Katharine glanced at him. That had been her role, and she knew that he knew it.

"Sit down, Douglas," she said, suggesting the circular sofa in the middle of the room. "You must be tired, after all this walking around. There is nothing more tiring than looking at things that don't interest one."

Ramsay found himself sitting and looking at the headless statue of an adolescent girl. He looked at the small breasts, slightly down-pointed. The hips were wider than the chest, the legs columns. A piece of bronze, he told himself. No one had ever been like that. He put Anne's head on the bronze neck, and presently was conscious of being watched. It was the boy, who was running round and round the sofa. The little boy circled closer. He sat down, and Ramsay smiled into what seemed an open face. The child breathed something difficult to hear. He pointed at Ramsay (and he had to bring his hand all the way from a far place to do so; he liked great gestures). He breathed again—something that sounded like "Idiot."

"What?"

"Idiot," the child said. The index finger still pointed; the arm was a soft arc.

"Who?"

"*Vous.*"

Ramsay stared down at him in fury and outrage. "Idiot, am I? What do you think you are? You supposed to be clever?"

The child did not understand English, but he understood the tone. A mistake had been made; he had been bolder than he intended. "You, for instance," said Ramsay. "What are you supposed to be? *Tu n'es pas un peu idiot?*"

"*Moi, je suis gentil,*" said the child, sliding off the sofa and beginning to back away. His face trembled. He said "*zentil,*" but this evidence of his age—his inability to pronounce some letters—did not endear him to Ramsay, who rushed on, "You're a rude little bastard. *Gentil!* You're a little bastard, that's what you are."

From the safety of Katharine, the child looked boldly back. What a fool I've been, Ramsay thought. Of course the child had not remarked he was looking at the statue of an adolescent girl and thinking spellbound thoughts about Anne.

"PEGGY wants to go back to England," said Katharine, and sighed.

"But she hates her family," Nanette protested.

"She may not know she does."

"She's fourteen and old enough to admit that her father isn't a god and her mother an angel," said Nanette.

"That is true." Katharine bowed her head with simulated meekness.

Anne appeared, with wet hair plastered on her cheeks. She washed it daily. She was struggling with a pullover. "Are you talking about me?" she said as her head emerged. "I thought I heard my name. Peggy is packing, by the way." She plunged down on the grass at their feet and said,

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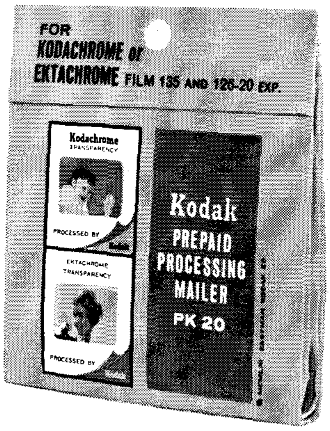

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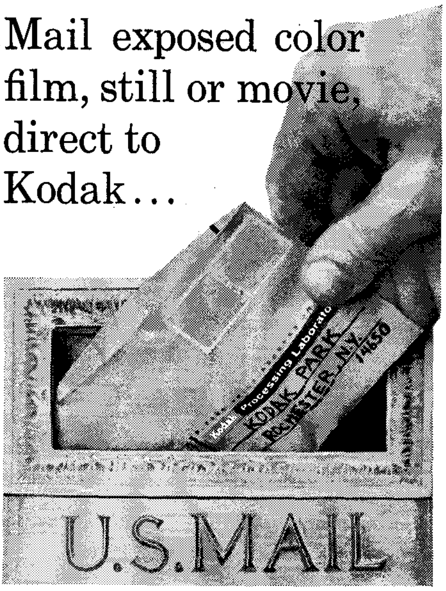

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"We've decided she's leaving because I've been so awful to her."

"I shall speak to her," Katharine said, looking oddly like the woman Ramsay had imagined before he ever saw her.

"I have been awful to her," said Anne. "You won't make her change her mind."

"It is the same story every time she comes here," said Katharine. "That wretched girl always threatens to leave because of some nonsense she has imagined. It used to be—" Nanette stopped her. "Now it is Anne she complains of," Katharine said.

"I want to see you alone," said Anne to her mother casually, "when you've finished with Peggy."

Katharine was already walking across the lawn, in her striped dress, in an old, large straw hat, with all her bracelets rattling. Throughout this exchange Ramsay might as well have been invisible. The group was disintegrating. The cook's child no longer came to lunch. Ramsay could observe all he liked now, for there was no one to catch him at it. Even the old man's phantom had vanished. Ramsay no longer saw or felt him, demanding chocolate, querulous and lost, too cosseted, smothered, destroyed. "Yesterday," said Nanette's small radio, "was the hottest twenty-second of June since 1873." Ramsay isolated three birds by sound: one asking a question, one cackling derisively, one talking to itself in a conversational tone.

PICKED out in the headlights, a badger crossed the road, steadily, like an enormous dachshund. It turned and looked into the lights, and Ramsay, sitting next to Katharine, experienced the revulsion he felt in the presence of animals and wild creatures in particular. They had taken Peggy to the airport at Geneva and there—as at the exhibition of French paintings—he had felt completely himself and at home.

Back at the chalet was the incomprehensible language of birds, and the cat with its savage nature, and the cannibal magpies, the cannibal jays.

"If we park here, the car will be in shade tomorrow," he said.

"No, the trees are on the wrong side," Katharine said.

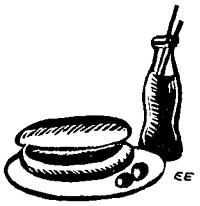
"There must be some shade, no matter which side they're on."

"You would have thought that after years of this, they would either have enlarged the garage," Ramsay remarked to himself, "or built another, or figured out which side of the trees received the morning sun." The car lights were put out, and flashlights distributed. Larch branches pressed on the car windows, white in the night. Katharine sat as the others—Anne and Nanette—got out. Ramsay, holding the door for her, shone his flashlight on her face.

"Do you think much about that girl in Berlin?" she said.

No. He thought of his mother in a camel-hair coat, her legs thrust out, staring straight before her. He said, "Most of the time I never think about her."

"Anne had a conversation with me today," she said. His stomach contracted; his hands were without strength. He released the switch of the pocket light. "Never mind about it," said Katharine. "There's a moon. Anne wants to go to Ascona with Nanette this week. She wants to stay all July. She and Peggy have funny holidays—school in August."



"Are you letting her?"

"Why not?" she said, without looking at him. "She wants to get away from home, which is normal. I told her she could go wherever she liked. She is old enough. I can't . . ."

You can't read her mail forever, he thought.

"What are your plans, Douglas? You can stay as long as you like. I feel there have been too many people around. We've never had a real conversation, have we? I'm afraid you'll have to put up with my cooking in July. I've fired the cook."

THE cuckoo, at daybreak, was an interruption to his sleep. He saw the notes—not as notes of music but as a new kind of shorthand. He did not know enough of the shorthand to read the notes, or enough of the new language to reply. He dreamed that everyone was skeletal, while he had got enormously fat. He got up and dressed—by flashlight, to avoid doing battle with insects—and packed, not caring much what he left behind, and stepped out into the garden. Across the front of the house was a carved inscription, naming the builder, and giving a date—1780—and reminding Ramsay, or anyone who stopped to read it, that death waits for life. The motto did not belong to this chalet but came from another region. Katharine had bought it and put it there about a year before Moser's last stroke. The chalet—like a bison, like a bear—watched him slip and slide down the path with his two suitcases. He sat down in the station shelter in a state of such lunatic joy at his deliverance that presently he was close to tears.

AT the pension he went to in Montreux, a tall, dignified woman wearing a white apron greeted Ramsay. His cases were put in an ice-cold room with a linoleum floor. He looked through the north window at another *pension*, then at the varnished bed, the eiderdown, the table, and the clean, unironed checked cloth. A small Buddha, the only ornament in the room, sat on the chest of drawers. Ramsay picked him up, but no matter how he tried he could not catch Buddha's eye.

"That was left behind," the woman said, "by a Professor Doctor. The meal hours are eight, twelve, and seven. Breakfast in your room will be fifty centimes more. With the prices we charge we cannot afford extras." From the kitchen came a crash of plates and loud cursing. When that died away he heard the soft silent crunching, like silkworms feeding, that came from the dining room, where the others were all at breakfast.

The first thing he unpacked was the unopened box of caramels: Caramels à la crème de Gruyères. He tangled with the Scotch Tape and pulled the box open. It's only fudge, he thought. He did not know what he had been expecting. He ate half the box—Moser's legacy—and felt sick, and drank tap water. "Good thing I left," he told himself, realizing indignantly what he had been driven to. By now they would know he had gone. He had left them up there with the cat and the cannibals. He was down where there were signs of life and work. He found one of the signs in a drawer, left by the Professor Doctor—a drawing of a naked and faceless woman wearing a pearl necklace. At ten he went to a film and watched a pretty German girl mixed up with some man who looked like a toad. But they were all so comfortable and so well dressed, and their problems were real problems, such as money lost and found. He could not sit in the cinema forever, but first things first: his room in the students' residence in Berlin was taken by someone else until July. He said, "Look here, Katharine, I'm not interested in weather and the color of the sky. I hate knowing what the weather is. I don't know what you mean by having inner resources. Are you supposed to recite poems from memory while the whole world dis-

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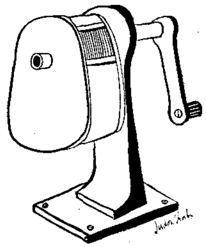
solves into fog, goes away, and stays gone?" He blinked at the sleepy noon streets, the petunias in tubs, the brown balconies with washing under the eaves. He bought a newspaper and saw a prime minister wearing a miner's helmet. In the middle of the front page, boxed to show its importance, was this:

LES PREMIÈRES FRAMBOISES

Les premières framboises mûrissent
sur la rive droite de la vallée.

He translated everything except "*mûrissent*," which he could have sworn he had never seen before. He substituted for it "have exploded," which gave the item some stature. He did not know what he was doing here, unless he was waiting for Katharine to come and find him. In the pension dining room he was the victim of provincial staring, because of his youth and his limp. There came the memory of the months he had spent after his accident completely at the mercy of other people, depending on nurses and resenting it. He had always been active, had lived on decisions; he remembered how his parents had respected him, let him make his own choices about what he would study and the life he would lead. He ate steadily grated carrots, meat, potatoes, wet salad, gray bread. A bowl of custard was placed beside him. He spooned some of it onto his plate, where it ran everywhere. Since the orgy of caramels sweets disgusted him. He dreaded the mattress in his room, but it was only for a night. In the morning he would take the train to Zurich and from there fly to Berlin. His room there was taken, and his girl had vanished—she was too old for him anyway. "Listen, Sabine," he had said, "is the guy really a prince?" "No, only his bodyguard. But I ruined it anyway with '*shalom*.'" Ramsay laughed. "Is not funny," Sabine said. She showed him what remained of the railway station where both her parents were killed. "Who cares?" she said, meaning "Do you?"



Two days later he was still there. He looked at the sky, the blue on the horizon, the gray, then the pink. When he entered his room, mist arose outside the window as if it had been lying waiting for him to approach. One night in the dining room he started up from the table, thinking she had come. Katharine in her silk dress could save him from everything mediocre, commonplace, vile, and poor. The room was filled with solemn English couples; the women wore heavy white shoes and yards of stoles. Katharine might enter this room, warm and inquisitive, as if it were a new experience. It was not new: "He used to go for walks and be lost or tired, and then he would get some farmer to ring her." In the pension dining room, television accompanied their supper. Chairs were arranged so that everyone faced in the same direction. A girl who looked like Sabine lay on a piano and sang. Every few seconds, though the song continued without interruption, the girl wore different clothes. Now she stood with her hand on the pianist's shoulder; he looked up into her eyes, and the pair posed that way. The screen went blank, but the sound continued. They listened to a chorus from "West Side Story," in a foreign language. Everyone looked at the empty, glowing screen, across which sticks and marbles moved, ran together, parted. Faces were lifted, for the set was high on a corner shelf. Again he thought Katharine had arrived. Nothing had happened. The screen had not changed, and the sound was nearly gone.

EARLY in July, in his old room in Berlin, Ramsay opened the letters that had been kept for his return. There was a letter from Katharine, written at the end of May, that must have arrived the day he departed for Switzerland. The great conductor's widow wrote that now the rain had stopped. She had seen young Italians in spotless shirts hanging about waiting for the cinemas to open—their Sundays were sad. On the promenades, by the lake, in the towns, couples are strolling. The sky changes color; the girls' white skirts are flattened against their legs. The lake is harsh-looking. The wind shakes the trees. Flower petals are strewn on the grass, and it is like the end of a season instead of the beginning. This was a letter written before she had ever met him. He felt buoyant and lightheaded tearing it to shreds. He was amazed at how simple it became. He was not sure if he had left Sabine, for example, or if she had rejected him. She had said, "Oh, I like you, but now is enough," spitting grape seed into her palm; but Ramsay had his ticket to Switzerland, bought that very day. What his father would like would be to start again, to arrive at Bonaventure, but how can he? The station is no longer there. "Lamb of God, Sheep of God," sings a woman, and the Sally Ann band is nearby. Very attractive, very nostalgic, he said to the remains of Katharine's letter, but what about the pension and the smell of mediocrity? What about your cook in the kitchen, with frightened eyes? We drove slowly, crawling, because Katharine had seen a white orchis somewhere. Did anyone dare say this was a waste of time? The orchis was a straggly poor thing with sparse anemic flowers. . . . Surely he had passed a test safely and shown he was immune to the inherited blight?

Only afterward did he think that he might be mistaken, but that day, the day he arrived in Berlin, he was triumphant because he sat with his back to the window and did not know or care what the weather was like outside.

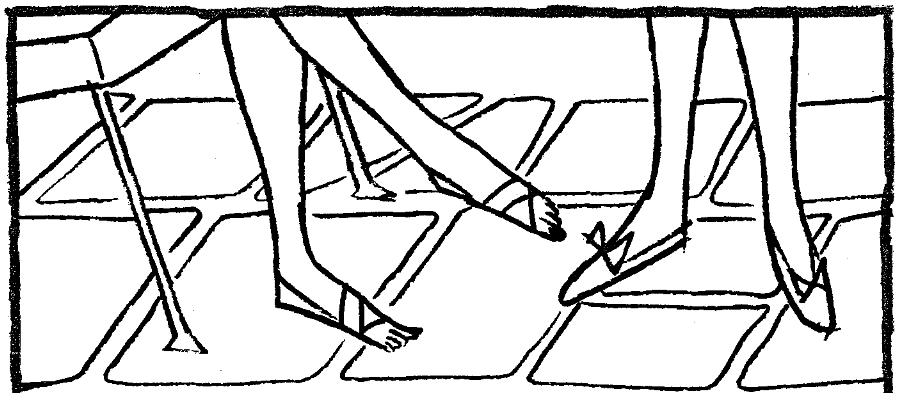
—MAVIS GALLANT

•

A PRIVATE TRUCE

Across the waking street,
where one brave tree shakes
its leaves at three brownstones
my window (as they say) commands,
a young Negro in white T shirt
and khaki pants is polishing
three brass doorknobs. The sun,
still climbing, strikes him
head-on, so that, as he sweats,
his neck and forearms shine
in the light and (in a sense)
the doorknobs and the man
polish each other.
A figure
of speech. I know him better.
Son of a man who serves
the three brownstones as super;
winner of a scholarship
to the college of his choice;
his future a series of doors
to be opened.
The headlines
at his feet are black
with battle news, but he's
no hero, no Hercules, no slave
to trials the tyrant times
have set for him. He sets
his own, or lets his father
set them. Next week,
he's off to summer camp
to teach fair play
and arts and crafts
to fifty little white boys
in the Poconos. Today
he helps his father out.
This is the price he pays
to himself,
in this lull,
on this cool side street,
the traffic stilled, the sun
still climbing.

—GERALD JONAS



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she dyes her lawn!"

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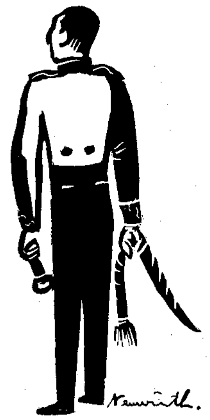
THE CURRENT CINEMA

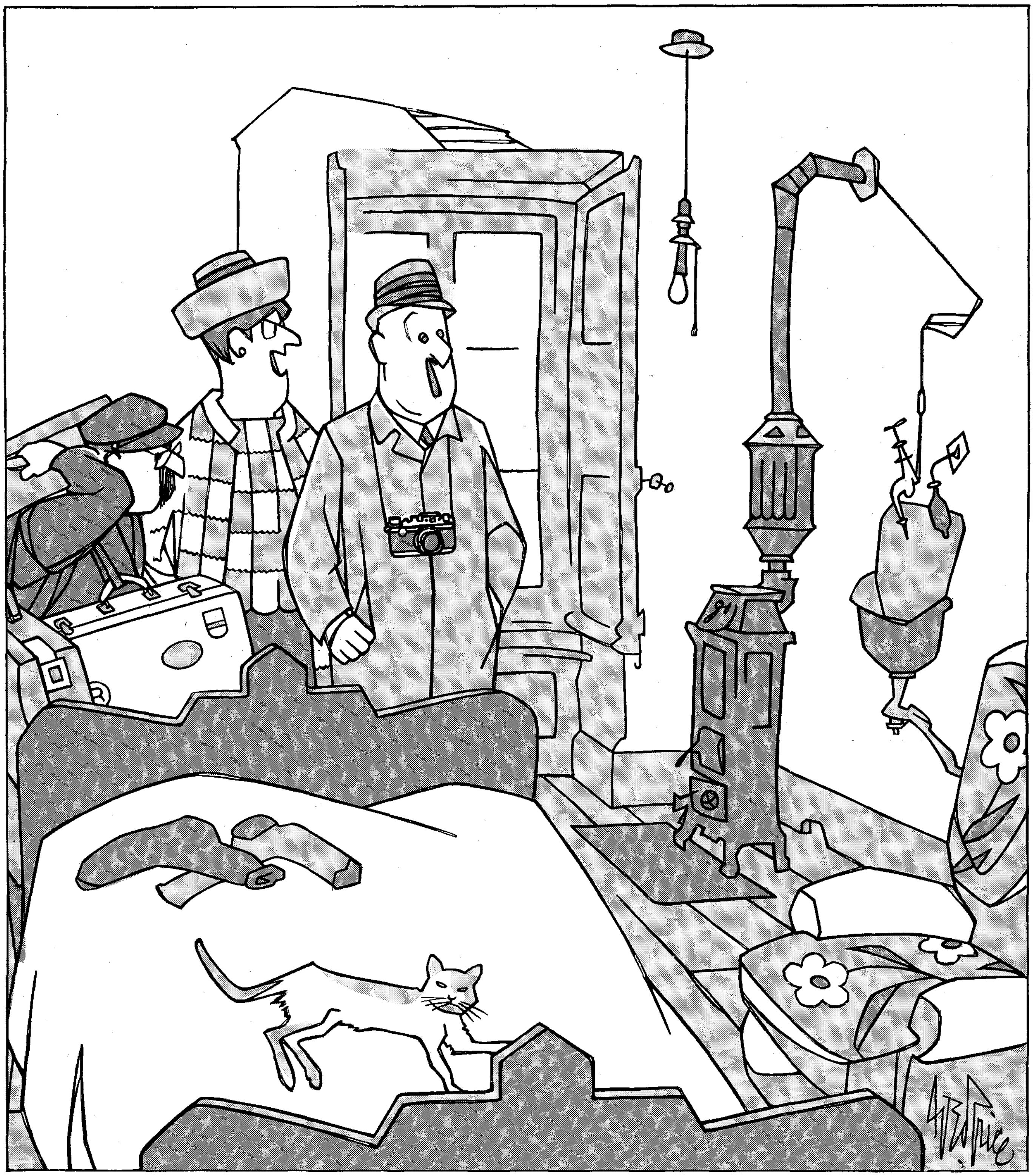
Good Box, Bad Times



“The Wrong Box,” written by Larry Gelbart and Burt Shevelove and directed by Bryan Forbes, is a farcical improvisation on a story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne about murderous competition for a tontine, involving—in the movie, at least—a collection of one-joke characters, brilliantly underplayed by John Mills, Ralph Richardson, and Michael Caine, and by more familiar comedians, like Peter Sellers, at his spontaneous best, and Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, as good as they can be when slowed down by parts designed to maintain a minimum of plot continuity. The high point of the film is a perfectly timed scene in which John Mills keeps leaping up in and tumbling from his deathbed in a furious series of attempts to kill Ralph Richardson, who plays his boring and imperturbable brother. This is not to mention the train-wreck scene, the one-eyed veteran of the Indian Mutiny, the hearse chase, or the Bournemouth strangler. The pace of the action is varied, with moderate success, by means of comic subtitles, slow motion, speeded-up motion, and pure sight gags, but if it is not always accurately measured to suit the eccentricity of the comedy—some scenes are too slow for their comic content—the sureness and richness of the performances make “The Wrong Box” worth seeing over and over again—and then once more, just to watch Wilfrid Lawson as Peacock, the tottering butler.

WHERE is the heart that will not throb in rueful appreciation of the irony of frivolous fruggers juxtaposed with Nazi parades and rallies? Can there be a dry eye, an unlumpy throat, when newsreels of children killed or mutilated in the First and Second World Wars are interspersed with glib cocktail-party discussions of war and sex? And the harmonica plays “It's a Long Way to Tipperary”? “Good Times, Wonderful Times” is an American semi-documentary film written (in collaboration with James Vaughan and Tadeusz Makarczynski), directed, and produced by Lionel Rogosin (“On the Bowery,” “Come Back, Africa”). The aim of the film, a mixture of some excellent newsreel footage and more or less candid sequences showing guests at a real London party, may be to swell the pacifist ranks by exposing the undecided to these shocking contrasts, or it may be merely to present a pessimistic vision of the world's future by identifying cocktail-party manners as a source of war. Although frequent closeups of generally articulate guests tend to compromise the documentary spirit, the sophisticated inanity and the drunkenness are convincing. The chief weakness of the film is the editing, apparently designed to elicit primitive emotional responses at the expense of any investigation of individual responsibility for war. Is the ugliness of the women guests or the sharp wit of one of the men accidental, or are they a matter of taste, and is there some significance in their juxtaposition with Japanese who were disfigured by the atomic bombs and with Germans looking uniformly attractive as a result of being drilled in self-esteem? When an insensitive young veteran of the Congo war argues with a doctrinaire non-activist, is the audience expected to take sides or to feel itself superior to both? What is the reason for filming a *British* party? The film falls completely apart when, toward the end, Mr. Rogosin introduces a chorus of “We Shall Overcome” into a scene of Japanese protesting against the expansion of an American airbase, after which he tosses in some civil-rights and ban-the-bomb footage, starring Martin Luther King and Bertrand Russell, without offering a single glimpse of or reference to Vietnam. In the heat of his conviction, Mr. Rogosin assumes that his contrasts speak for themselves; he fails to explore, or even spot, the issues inadvertently raised by his choice of film footage.

“Enough Rope” is a bad French film version of a psychological murder novel by Patricia Highsmith. The story of the association between two men whose wives died at bus stops, and their encounters with a determined police inspector, is so mishandled by the two directors, the two screenwriters, and the actors that not even Gert Frobe, who plays one of the widowers, can save it, though it is always good to see him. The dialogue is simple enough and slowly enough spoken to be of pos-



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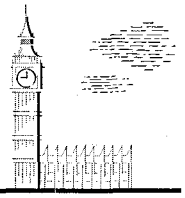

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sible value as an exercise for students of elementary French.

CERTAINLY neither Rod Serling, with his screenplay, nor Frank Sinatra and Tony Franciosa, with their respective underacting and overacting, make any constructive contribution to a monotonously inadequate movie about robbing the Queen Mary called "Assault on a Queen." Sinatra is a tough guy with a soft heart and a red plaid lining in his jacket, and gets to say things like "She's in my gut so deep we breathe together," and Franciosa is his rotten rival for the love of Virna Lisi. The funniest shot in the picture is of Sinatra peering out through the window of a diving helmet. Virna Lisi is very handy at the controls of a submarine, and Richard Conte, whose lines are mostly technical evaluations of the submarine's batteries, isn't bad. Forget it.

TWO of the best movies about the loss of innocence that occurs sometime between the ages of five and ten are "The Fallen Idol" and "A High Wind in Jamaica," in both of which the event is presented melodramatically, with the child in a fantastic situation that expresses the ominous experience better than the realism of "The Uncle" does. "The Uncle," whose director does not want his name to be associated with its current version, is an undramatic and—in spite of some beautifully photographed playground scenes and very skillful direction of the leading boy and the subsidiary children—often heavy-handed account of a routine unhappy summer in the life of a seven-year-old boy troubled by the fact that he has a seven-year-old nephew. —SUSAN LARDNER

•

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LETTER FROM PARIS

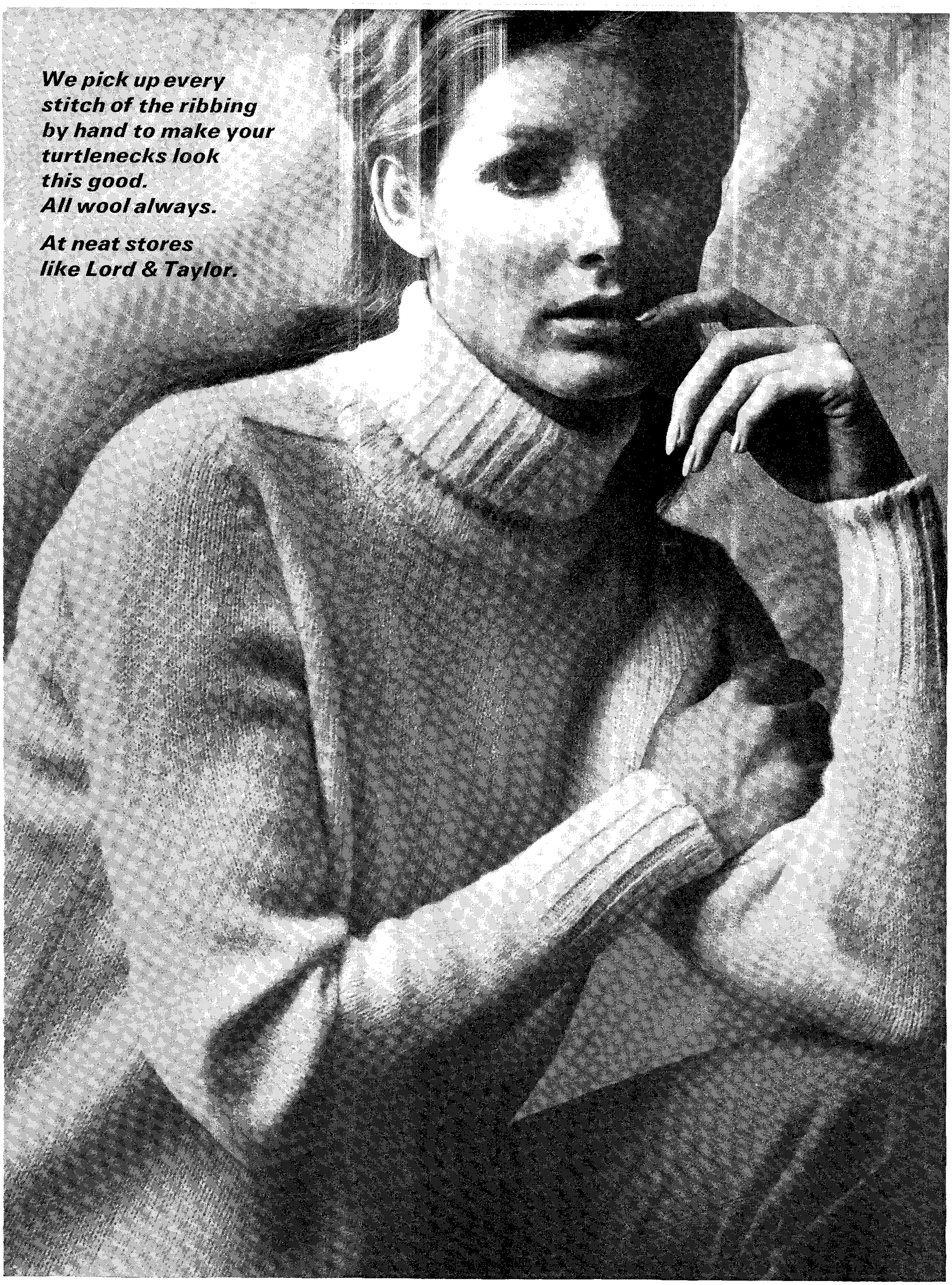
JULY 19

LAST week's traditional Bastille Day military parade was generally satisfying to the Paris populace and unexpectedly informative to the foreign diplomatic corps, also present. As a lucky dispensation in this chilly, stormy French summer, General de Gaulle was favored by what is called "de Gaulle weather," meaning unexpected fine sunshine, which drew big crowds to the Champs-Élysées sidewalks, with the avenue itself topped by the monumental white bulk of the newly cleaned Arc de Triomphe. Near the reviewing stand, where the General-President stood firm for ninety minutes taking the salute, sat his personally invited guests, the chorus of the Soviet Navy—all this adding up to a perfect *mise en scène* for what this parade in the sky and on the asphalt was obviously aimed to be: the initial display of France's semi-self-sufficient military power since de Gaulle divorced her from NATO in such matters. As the parade's official program over-elegantly stated, "To render dissuasion credible, France must have a coherent ensemble of nuclear force." The opening flyover of the *force de frappe* above the avenue treetops was deafeningly led by fifteen of France's most modern strategic bombers, the Mirage IVs—"principal instrument of dissuasion"—which could carry an atomic bomb to an altitude of sixty thousand feet. What was brand-new, however, and viewed by French and foreign observers for the first time, was the Aéronavale's Bréguet Atlantic anti-submarine plane. There were also Crusader fighter planes, purchased by the Aéronavale from the United States, and, on trucks, a pair of Yankee tactical missiles—a Hawk and an Honest John (both fancifully repainted virgin white by the French), dating from NATO days and the latter still without its nuclear warhead, which Washington held back on. To the watchful diplomatic corps and military experts, the ensuing long, unpicturesque parade of French armor, some new and some merely renovated—all of it except the giant tanks rather dull for the sidewalk crowds, who would rather have seen and heard more regimental bands playing "Auprès de Ma Blonde," featured only by one of them—was of absorbing interest. It denoted, a British expert said, "an extensive degree of standardization."

Some new bright-red Paris fire engines and rigs—plus a rescue canoe, complete with a live frogman-fireman in diving costume inside, for saving Parisians who fall into the Seine—were the only part of the procession that aroused both handclapping and comfortable laughter on the sidewalks. Of the ten thousand parading men, the marchers who drew the loudest applause were the two old favorite fighting units that had been the most suspect five years ago. One was the colonial paratroopers, who, as punishment for their participation in the Algiers *Putsch* against de Gaulle's Algerian policy, had lost the privilege of wearing their unique dark-red berets, which (believe it or not) de Gaulle, by Presidential decree, restored in time for them to wear them again, as proud as Lucifers, in the parade. The other unit, even more loudly cheered, consisted of three companies from the notorious 1st Regiment of the Foreign Legion, a regiment that not only actively backed the abortive mutiny of the generals against de Gaulle in April, 1961, but even kidnapped the loyal, indignant General Fernand Gambiez, commander-in-chief of the combined Army, Navy, and Air Forces in Algeria; blew up its own quarters at Zéralda, so no other troops could enjoy its property; and pulled out in its trucks theatrically drinking cognac and singing Edith Piaf's then new melodramatic song hit "Je Ne Regrette Rien." As punishment, the regiment was dispersed. Three years ago, elements of it were permitted to march in the July 14th parade, but it was only this last week that three companies of its Légionnaires were on view, as a sign of rehabilitation. Preceded by their engineers, with their bearded *sous-offs* wearing the traditional yellow leather aprons and carrying axes on their shoulders, they were the restored essence of the famous secretive Legion itself, in which every man supposedly serves under an assumed name. With their bronzed, expressionless faces—part of their cachet, like their snow-white *képis* above and their slow, insolent leg-swinging desert gait below, still cadenced, as if walking through sand, to eighty lengthy strides per minute—they were the only troops (of late years, largely German) that aroused the French crowd to a real ovation. To the ordinary, domesticated, modest bourgeois French, the Légionnaires on parade are apparently like fascinating international prodigal sons—favored, forgiven, and loved beyond merit.

NO SMILING
Stan Hunt

ONE of the summer surprises for foreign tourists has been the presence in Paris bookshop windows of big portrait photographs of old Maréchal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Pétain, usually shown front face and in color, with his scarlet, gold-braided marshal's cap, his still bright-blue eyes even in old age, and his short, crisp white mustache offering the perfect red, white, and blue of the tricolor. Many French say that they were indignant as well as astonished when they first saw his Vichy face on display, until they realized that it was all facile publicity for the stack of new books written about him, ostensibly in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Verdun, celebrated last month. Even the unsensational weekly magazine *Match* gave four issues and three cover photos to a life of Pétain and to detailed analysis of his career, in a series entitled "Les Heures Glorieuses et les Heures Noires." One of the covers showed him in the horizon-blue helmet and uniform in which that bloodiest of modern French battles was fought, three-quarters of a million French and Germans falling either wounded or dead. Of this battle, though General Nivelle was put in to replace him, Pétain was justly given the title of victor. It was a battle of such infernal, intimate firepower and such heroic physical endurance that by the early nineteen-twenties, when many of us Americans first sojourned in France, Verdun was already being talked of as a myth of superhuman courage, until gradually (or so it seemed to some of us listeners) the myth paralyzed, rather than inspired, male French youths, draining from them their belligerent strength of patriotism, so that when Hitler's Germans once more went to war, France fell almost undefended, and the elderly hero of Verdun became a Vichy cult. None of the eight or ten popular books on Pétain now on sale—several of which are, naturally, apologetics, one being simply and loyally titled "J'Étais l'Ami du Maréchal Pétain"—are worth recommending as consequential works. But, as the critic of *Figaro Littéraire* thoughtfully pointed out, "Their success seems to derive from an honorable motive. There exists today a definite curiosity in the public mind, a desire for some explanation, for some deeper understanding of one of the great political and human dramas of our history." And its question—Was Pétain right or wrong, patriot or traitor?—cut France in two in a passionate, violent division of opinion comparable only to the Dreyfus case.

In his speech at Verdun, General de Gaulle said before a pathetically small crowd, "Pétain, possessed, par excellence, the gifts of a leader. If, unhappily, in later times—in the extreme

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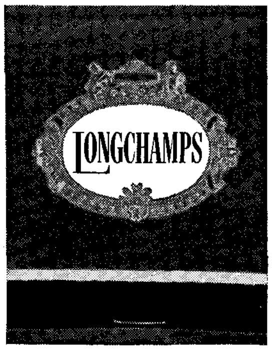

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winter of his life and amid overwhelming events—the wear and tear of age led him into weaknesses to be condemned, the glory which twenty-five years earlier he acquired at Verdun, and then maintained in leading the French Army to victory, can be neither contested nor ignored by the nation." It was well known that the Marshal had himself declared that he wished to be buried in the ossuary of Verdun "at the head of my troops"—a wish that was shared devotedly by those innumerable frustrated and embittered French citizens still loyal to him, if only mutely. De Gaulle, toward the end of his Verdun speech, with remarkable diplomacy, even for him, and with such exceptional tact that at first his refusal to grant this wish seemed unapparent, led up to the topic by an elaborate reference to the French Verdun soldier dead, "lying there beneath the earth, *à la face de Dieu*," and then added, "This is, and, after all, remains, the rule laid down by our wise secular tradition, which consecrates our military cemeteries only to those combatants killed on the battlefield." Pétain, who was tried for his life at the age of ninety and died of old age just four years before his hundredth birthday, lies buried the length of France away from Verdun, in the village cemetery on the little Île d'Yeu. There, during his six years' imprisonment, neither his cell nor the small enclosed garden where he walked once daily nor his guards permitted him to see even the ocean surrounding him and exiling him from France.

THE famous, elderly Musée de l'Orangerie, on the riverside Place de la Concorde corner of the Jardin des Tuileries, is again open after having been closed for six years while being rebuilt from the roof down so that it might fittingly and permanently house the hundred and forty-five modern pictures, some splendid, some not, contained in the highly appreciated, if somewhat overestimated, Guillaume-Walter collection. The collection begins with sixteen Cézannes and ends with twenty-two Soutines, and it has now been donated to the Orangerie. It was made separately by Paul Guillaume and Jean Walter, with additions tucked into it by the handsome lady, still alive, who was first the wife of Guillaume, when he was one of the most discerning young Paris merchant-collectors, and then the wife of Walter, the multimillionaire owner of the rich Zellidja iron mines in Morocco. She is now the very wealthy widow of both of them, and donor to the Orangerie of this undeniably welcome and in many ways important collection. An exaggeration of its aesthetic worth was unfortunately created by the catalogue itself, which on its opening page refers to "the profound gratitude of France in welcoming one of the most prestigious collections it has ever received"—the perfect hyperbole of thanks. It took the sharp, informed eye of M. Georges Bernier, editor of *L'Œil*, most intelligent and professional Paris art monthly, to look the Orangerie gift horse in the mouth and report what he saw there, and also say something about Paul Guillaume, an extraordinary personality who died in 1934 and of whom the catalogue makes absolutely no biographical mention.

Guillaume was a merchant out of the ordinary who saved for his own collection the pictures he most loved and sold the others, many of them to the irascible Dr. Barnes, of Philadelphia, who became a Soutine enthusiast and buyer and helped lift the wretched artist from poverty to fame. Guillaume's Soutines constitute the museum's most nearly complete unity, comprising all his peculiar subjects—raw beef carcasses, deplumed fowl, choirboys, men-servants, delirious landscapes, and distorted sycamore trees. As a collector, Guillaume also especially favored Matisse, Picasso, and Modigliani; the last's portrait of him now hangs here, showing him as rather haughty, in felt hat, business suit, and gloves, but lovingly dedicated at the top and bottom (in Italian) to "Star of the Sea" and "The New Pilot," which Modigliani thought he was, in guiding young artists and new art. Of Guillaume's great Matisses, only one that is major is now included—"The Three Sisters"—and his Picasso holdings also have shrunk to a dozen, two of them thrilling: a proto-Cubist "Nude Against Red Background," of 1906, and a nude Iberian-type "Woman with a Comb." Of the sixteen Cézannes, two are magnificent, both being portraits of the artist's wife, one in blue and pink. The other Cézannes—nudes, forests and landscapes, and a couple of exquisite flower studies—make a chronology of his works, which Mme. Guillaume-Walter aimed at, with practical common sense. But what happened to her first husband's known and listed collec-

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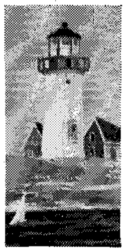

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tion of many outstanding modern-art canvases, absent here—whether he sold them, whether she did after his death, which new ones she bought, which ones her second husband bought under her direction—is never indicated in the Orangerie catalogue, which is of the type given to noting all the authorities' squabbles about the dates when the pictures were painted. As the Orangerie collection also includes quantities of Renoirs, Utrillos, and Derains, a Van Dongen, some Marie Laurencins, one Gauguin, a Monet and a Sisley, and some fine Douanier Rousseaus, there are a great many dates to squabble over. Cézanne, though, remains the pivotal painter, because he often took three or four years to paint a picture, which gives the Orangerie cataloguists a lot of leeway on his sixteen canvases.

The Orangerie was so extensively rebuilt that it ranks in official circles as the first new Paris museum to be constructed in the past thirty years. Its collection will be on show until early September. Afterward, Mme. Walter, who enjoys its use during her lifetime, will supposedly pack it up and take it home, and the Orangerie will turn to a big exhibition of Vermeer.

THERE have been some unusual films shown here, mostly in various foreign languages, of which "Mademoiselle," in French, was the strangest. It is based on a sadistic scenario by Jean Genet, was directed by the British Tony Richardson in the primitive Corrèze region of France, and stars Jeanne Moreau as a repressed city-bred spinster schoolteacher suddenly liberated of all her hypocrisies by the coarse, candid village around her. Like one possessed, she sets fire to a hay barn, poisons the water in the cattle drinking trough, and, in the school's classroom, torments the masochistic son of the local strong man, a handsome Italian woodcutter whom she seduces and then denounces as having violated her, which rouses the villagers to try to lynch him. "Mademoiselle" was forbidden to cinema fans younger than sixteen, and few cinema critics of any age have had any praise for it, except for Moreau's highly intelligent Freudian performance in this appalling role, which one critic, as if in despair, said fitted her like a glove.

At the enormous, luxurious, wide-screen Kinopanorama movie theatre, at which Soviet films are exclusively shown by special authorization from Moscow (the only place these films are shown in the West, doubtless because France has a good-sized Communist Party), there has been featured the first episode of a four-part color film of Tolstoy's "War and Peace." This opening of the quartet is called "Prince Andrei and the Battle of Austerlitz;" the second, soon to come, will be "Natasha," with a wolf hunt; the third is to be "1812;" and the last "The Burning of Moscow." The director, noted by Kinopanorama as "the greatest Soviet cinematographer," is Sergei Bondarchouk, who took three years to make the film, with the participation of the Soviet Army for his battle scenes and supposedly the pick of the state theatres for his cast. The result, so far, is something not to miss. It has the heavy formality as well as the elegant Slavic gaiety of the Russian aristocrats as Tolstoy reported them, and as the Soviet performers have heard enough about to turn into a superb, impressive, weighty kind of performance, which is like an opera without music. The palace sets look really palatial, the silken and velvet costumes *de l'époque* must have cost a fortune in modern rubles, and the dancing guests, the bewigged lackeys, and the dinner tables richly set with crystal and gold plate (doubtless from museums) are all wonderfully incorporated theatrically, with the scenes long-drawn-out yet without ennui, like the sleigh rides over the snowy countryside where finally Prince Andrei fights his duel. He is played by V. Tikhonov more glumly than seems necessary, but the lovely brightness of Natasha, played by Lyudmila Savelyeva, promises well. And the Battle of Austerlitz, with its long shots of color across the battlefields and its distant movements of men and horses on hills and horizons, is fine, realistic, old-fashioned cinematography at its classic prewar best.

—GENÊT

•

CORRECTION—CADETTE HANDBOOK

An error on page 188 of the Cadette Handbook has been called to our attention. The book suggests the use of flour to put out a grease fire. This would cause an explosion. Baking soda should be used instead.—*Bulletin of the Scranton (Pa.) Pocono Girl Scout Council.*

Except on the Fourth of July.

•

Those who closely follow the business press know that order backlogs of capital goods manufacturers have bludgeoned in size with resultant delivery stretch-outs.—*Report of the annual shareholders' meeting of the Phoenix Steel Corporation.*

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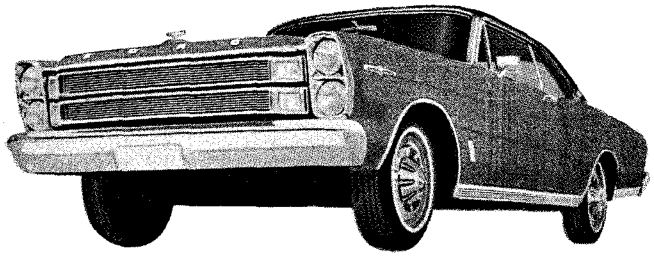

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THE RACE TRACK

Big Weekend

NO doubt about it, the racecourse managements whoop things up on Saturdays. Since this department's last report, we've had the $114,450 Monmouth Handicap at Monmouth Park, the $89,250 Rockingham Special at Rockingham Park, the $82,350 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct, the $36,030 New Castle Stakes at Delaware Park, and, out in California, Hollywood Park's $162,100 Gold Cup—all on the same afternoon. I suppose the Rockingham Special should head the list, for several reasons. It ended in a dead heat between Jolly Jet and Sense of Rhythm, and besides that it determined the payoff of the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, as they call their lottery in the Granite State. Eight three-year-olds went to the post for the mile and a furlong, and from all accounts it was a thriller. Jolly Jet, winner of the Lamplighter at Monmouth the week before, hooked up with Sense of Rhythm halfway from home, and from there on the two went stride for stride right to the wire. Tequillo was third, six lengths behind. Stupendous, the even-money favorite, was never in the picture, finishing fifth. He was in close quarters near the rail in the early running, and that may have caused him to lose his enthusiasm for the contest. Because of the dead heat, the prize money and the lottery payoff were split. Jolly Jet and Sense of Rhythm earned $37,931.25 apiece, and each of eight holders of lottery tickets on them collected $37,500.

The Special was the first of two lottery races at Rockingham. The second—the New Hampshire Sweepstakes Classic, for a purse of $250,000 added—will be run on September 3rd. The New Hampshire Sweepstakes Commission expects to sell about as many tickets this year as it did on the 1965 lottery—nearly four million dollars' worth. By the way, that Constitutional amendment to legalize lotteries in New York passed both houses at the recent session of the legislature. It will go before the people in November, and I'd say it was 1–2 to pass. However, there is growing opposition to it, led by no less a personage than Big Jim Farley.

I'M sorry to say that I didn't see the rowdydow in the Monmouth Handicap. I'm told that it was a regular old Kentucky Derby free-for-all between Gustines, who rode Paoluccio, and Anderson, who rode Bold Bidder, and that it took in Brumfield, on Pluck, as they came down the stretch. The stewards flashed the "Inquiry" sign immediately after the race, but didn't change the placings—Bold Bidder first, Paoluccio second, and Pluck third. Later, they suspended Gustines twenty days and Anderson ten days. Gustines has appealed.

TO one who has spent long afternoons (and nine races can make an afternoon seem interminable) watching eligibles for the Nonentity Claiming Stakes, it was a pleasant change to follow the action in the Dwyer Handicap. Although Mr. Right stumbled coming out of the starting gate, he recovered quickly, sprinted into the lead, and held it to the end, winning by a nose from Exhibitionist, who ran at least ten pounds better than he had run in the Hollywood Derby the previous Saturday. Buffle, who lacked the zip he showed when he won the Suburban, was third. Maybe the hot weather wore him down. Amberoid, making his first start since he won the Belmont last month, was a distant fourth. Mr. Right, whose light impost was undoubtedly a help to him, was foaled in Westchester County and is the first New York-bred to win a stakes race here in twenty years.

LUCK left the Wheatley Stable. Stupendous didn't have it at Rockingham, Queen Empress couldn't catch Open Fire in the New Castle Stakes, and, to top everything, Successor ran third to Native Prince and Hermogenes in the Great American Stakes at Aqueduct on Wednesday of last week. The defeat of Successor was hardly a surprise to observers who had taken note of his behavior in the saddling paddock. "Looks like the old Nasrullah streak is coming out in him," they said. Nasrullah, the grandsire of Successor, is well remembered for his displays of temperament at inopportune times.

AND full marks to old Native Diver for his smashing performance in winning the Hollywood Gold Cup for the second consecutive year.

—AUDAX MINOR

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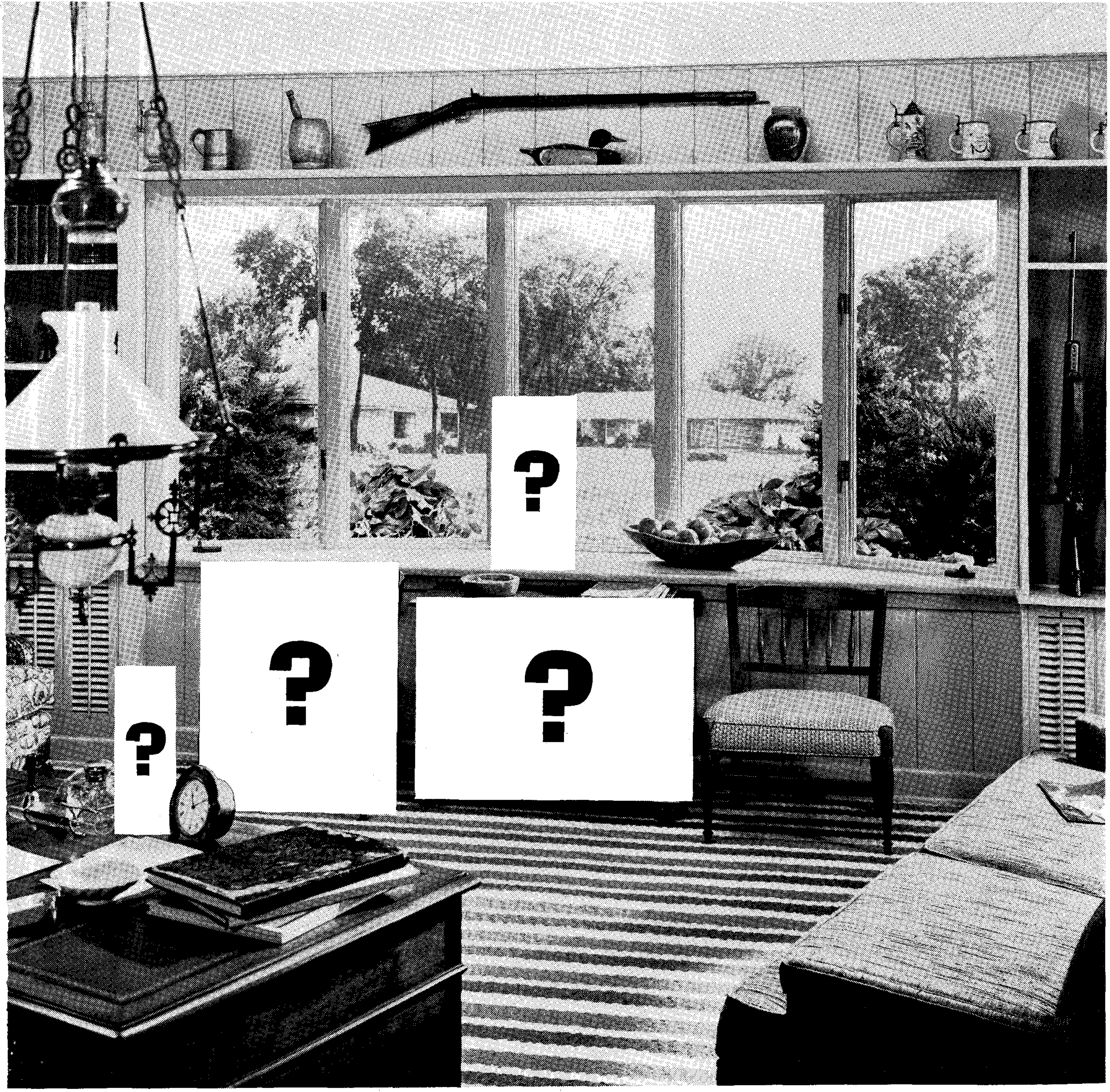
BOOKS

The Case for Headhunting

MILOVAN DJILAS, the author of "Njegoš: Poet, Prince, Bishop" (Harcourt, Brace & World), is one of those inconvenient persons who are born from time to time to demonstrate to the world at large that nothing is as simple as one might wish it to be. Djilas, the long-imprisoned victim of a bureaucratic tyranny, is a sympathetic figure by definition, and since the tyranny is Communist, and since his particular opposition to the regime in Yugoslavia is determined by his concern for his nation's freedom from foreign domination, the natural assumption to make is that he is "one of ours" and a good thing. As he has chosen to employ one of the brief periods in which he has been out of jail in recent years in writing this biography of the Montenegrin poet, prince, and bishop who gave everything he had to the task of creating a Serbian national identity in the first half of the nineteenth century in preparation for an all-out struggle to expel the Turks, who had held his country as a colony for centuries, there seems little for the critic to do but hail Djilas for his courage. Mr. Raymond Moley, who has travelled far since the days of his involvement in the bright beginnings of the New Deal, has followed this course, and, having praised Djilas for his manly resolution, has also suggested that Njegoš provides some kind of Cold War archetype as an upholder of the national rights of smaller states threatened by international Communism. The trouble with Djilas is that he is cursed with the habit of candor, and with an overwhelming desire to tell the whole truth about the Montenegrin past as far as he knows it. As a result, his pages make it perfectly clear that the lessons of Njegoš's life are almost entirely irrelevant to the struggle of nations such as France, England, Japan, Burma, and Cuba to preserve their identities in the present contest for world domination. What Njegoš's experience is relevant to, and what it closely resembles, is that of the national leaders who have recently come to power in the Congo, Nigeria, and Indonesia, and who have attempted to re-create viable social structures on the foundations of the ruined and debauched cultures that are the leading products of colonialism. The parallel is very close. Although most Europeans and persons of European stock think of colonies as eighteenth- and nineteenth-century phenomena, Serbia's colonial period began with the Turkish victory at Kosovo in 1389, and the colonial system that lasted longest in modern times was that maintained in southeastern Europe by the Turks for the purpose of exploiting the European natives. The Montenegrins were the descendants of Serbian irreconcilables who had withdrawn into the wild mountain districts in the southern part of the country after Kosovo in order to avoid submission. It was a rugged and inhospitable piece of territory, which offered the Turks few inducements to make the effort necessary to clear it, and ultimately they developed a policy for it not unlike that adopted by the British on the Northwest Frontier in India. In ordinary times, the Turks bribed the Montenegrins to stay in their mountains and to keep the peace, but whenever the mountaineers became restless and began raiding in the more fertile and productive areas under Turkish control, punitive expeditions were sent up into the hills to burn a few villages, carry off any women and children who could be captured, and kill anything that looked like a man. It was a policy, in short, of containment. As such, it was demoralizing in the extreme. Almost all vestiges of the Serbs' comparatively sophisticated medieval Byzantine culture vanished among the Montenegrins, and they reverted to the tribalism and the clan organization characteristic of pre-Roman European society. How far they had regressed toward the values of savagery by Njegoš's time can be judged by the fact that he was a keen supporter of an established system of headhunting, and that after he had been elected Prince-

"It's no use. I'm afraid we're above the timber line."



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Bishop and national leader, he erected a tower, the Tablja, that had a number of sharpened stakes set in its walls whereon newly taken Turkish heads were proudly exhibited. Djilas does not flinch from full consideration of this question:

> Foreigners reproached [Njegoš] for cruelty because of the taking of heads. They did not comprehend our sufferings and passions, or Montenegro. . . .

He goes on to say:

> The severed head was the greatest pride and joy of the Montenegrin. He regarded the taking of heads as the most exalted act and spiritual solace . . . having been nurtured in mythical history and in the naked struggle for life. He did not feel any hatred for the cut-off head, the hatred he was bound to feel for it in its live state, but only esteem and solicitude. He washed it, salted it, combed it. After all, it was a human head and the badge of his own highest merit. . . . Stevan Perkov saw it this way: "Had Adam cut off the heads of a couple or so angels, God would never have chased him out of paradise, for he would have seen that he had created a hero and not a good-for-nothing."

After giving this fascinating glimpse of the rationale of the white European headhunters of less than a century ago (the practice was not officially condemned by a Montenegrin ruler until 1876), Djilas argues that Njegoš was right not to forbid the taking of heads, because "the struggle with the Turks was still a fact of life—not just a war between states, but a war of rancor and extermination." And then he makes one of the odd little folkloristic pronunciamentos that stud his text: "What gave inspiration brought victory that much closer." In a charitable interpretation, it might be said that in this passage Djilas is merely stating the facts as Njegoš saw them. But the tone is that of approval, and Djilas comes extremely close to saying that if license to commit atrocities will put fresh spirit into troops engaged in total war, atrocities should be condoned.

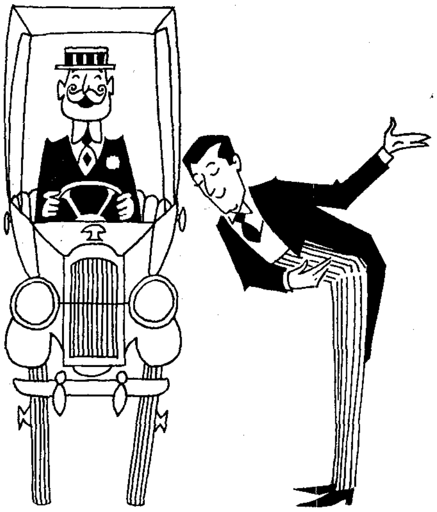
This issue comes up again in another form when Djilas has to discuss "The Mountain Wreath," one of three major poems on which the Prince-Bishop's claim to be a poet rests. Whatever quality this work may possess as poetry is a secret known only to those who can read and speak Serbian, but on the basis of Djilas's account of it the poem appears to be inherently dubious, as a piece of propaganda turned out to beef up anti-Turkish feeling among the Serbs. There is, of course, a legitimate poetic source in love for a country, its people, and their ways, but "The Mountain Wreath" is not an expression of love. It is a lyrical description of an eighteenth-century massacre in which the Christians of Montenegro kill all those among their countrymen who have become converts to Islam. The poem, we are told, is not a humanistic one "in the accepted sense." Djilas, who is himself a Montenegrin, explains that "Njegoš's humanism, and ours—the mastery over evil through evil—is dark and bloody, but it was the only possible kind—and will be, it seems, until the Balkans are shunted to one side as though by some tremor, and cease to be an arena for opposing worlds." The suspicions awakened by this extraordinary language and by Djilas's willingness to give houseroom to the concept of a dark and bloody humanism are soon confirmed:

> Njegoš's massacre was not the first among us, or in the world, and it will hardly be the last. . . . But Njegoš's massacre was the first, or at least among the very rare, to be a poetic and even a humanistic motif, one in which the very deed is magnified. What is new is the light he casts on this deed, the demonstration of its inevitability and justice, and, above all, its poetic expression. Njegoš was the first to experience passionately and to give expression to a massacre as an aspect of human destiny, as a higher ordinance. Herein lies its originality and its greatness.

Final evaluation of this great and inevitable deed is complicated by the fact that the poem is a pack of lies. But while Djilas has to admit that the massacre never took place and the national heroes it celebrates did not exist, he argues that the poem is emotionally true. From there, he floats off into that domain of Balkan illogic with which Ionesco has familiarized us:

> Pavle Popović states that the massacre was a turning point in the history of Montenegro. In the struggle against the Turks it was certainly that in a spiritual sense.
>
> Had it taken place, the massacre would have been something less than the First Serbian Insurrection, from both the political and the national point of view. Even though it did not take place, it meant much more to the Montenegrin spirit—the breaking of a bond.
>
> An event can exert influence even though it never occurred.

In spite of the wild charm of this sort of thing, there is no way of avoiding the fact that Djilas's argument has as its concealed content the proposition that the big-lie technique is just fine if it serves the national interest, and if it works. Djilas is also concerned to convince us that massacre is a legitimate means of attaining the goal of national unity when national existence is threatened. In defending this position, he



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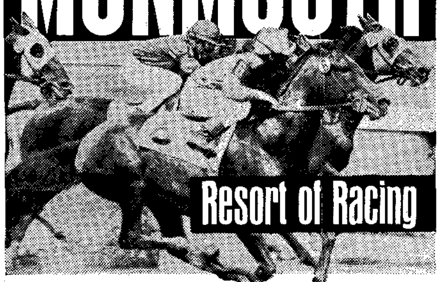

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abandons all pretense of presenting a rational case and resorts to semi-mystical language:

> The massacre stood for a hatred that was not petty and everyday, but something that welled up from vital deep-seated impulses heightened to the level of an absolute and unalloyed ideal.

The suggestion here seems to be that if you hate your enemies with sufficient intensity, the evil in your thought will eliminate itself, and will be transformed into a pure and noble thing. When your hatred has become pure, you can with a clear conscience proceed to the purification of your country by the murder of those of your fellow-citizens whose ideas or religious beliefs and customs you happen to hate. Ideas remarkably close to these were used by Hitler's accomplices and accessories to justify their participation in his crimes against humanity. It was not, they argued, that they hated the Jews as such; what they felt was really a love for Germany, and their desire to kill off the Jewish people was simply a desire to defend the national ethos from an insidious threat to its purity and integrity. This kind of double-talk follows naturally upon flirtations with the sort of emotionalism that Djilas describes as dark and bloody humanism.

However wrongheaded it may be, Djilas's book, which has been translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Michael B. Petrovich, is well worth reading. It does two things extremely well, though neither can have been within the scope of its author's intentions. The first is to dispose with finality of the notion that there is any racial basis for the bizarre political performances of Nkrumah, Tshombe, Sukarno, Ne Win, and all those others who have lately been wrestling with the temptations of power in the newly liberated countries of Asia and Africa. The story of Njegoš's life shows conclusively that there is nothing about being a European that will prevent like behavior in like conditions; he provides a classic example of what can be expected of a national leader—whatever the color of his skin—who comes to power as a colonial system disintegrates. The second of Djilas's inadvertent achievements is of another kind. His book is a necessary reminder that anti-Communism is a wholly negative attitude, and that for a man to be an anti-Communist and to be in authentic, bad trouble with a Communist regime is in itself no guarantee that he is on the side of humanity and the decencies that make life worth living. It is one thing to sympathize with Njegoš because of his polluted heritage and his impossible

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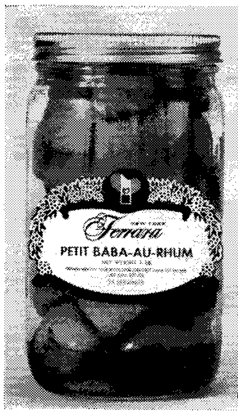
political situation but quite another to justify his savagery, his brutalities, and his deceits as legitimate because he was in a hard fight against a tough opponent. To do evil in the fight against evil is to fail, for it is to assist in the perpetuation of evil, and Djilas, in his prison, is paying an installment on the debt that Yugoslavia has to pay for the debased values it received from Njegoš. It is a curious and, on the whole, a reassuring thought that if Marshal Tito and the regime in power in Yugoslavia today were as attached to Njegoš's ideas and principles as Djilas appears to be, Djilas himself would long since have ceased to be a prisoner and would have become a trophy—with his pickled head, its hair ritually washed and combed, on display in some public place to drive home the lesson that dissent is treason. Njegoš was, in sober truth, the embodiment of everything that a free nation must outgrow, and in holding him up for our admiration Djilas helps to perpetuate the tyranny of local and regional loyalties that has made man the cruelest and most destructive of the animals. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK, by James Mossman (Little, Brown). Mr. Mossman, a very good writer, truly comic and truly kind, describes the downfall of fat, bad King Hashem, ruler of Marouf, a tiny Middle Eastern country where wily Arabs plot and plan and incumbent English diplomats burn in helpless frustration while maintaining a dignified upper lip. The action of the story consists mainly of a few panic-stricken and panic-impelled episodes, while its emotional theme, eddying around the panicky moments, goes to show how well and how badly some people behave when the chips are down. A first novel. Mr. Mossman has made a formidable entrance.

THE ONE-EYED MAN, by Larry L. King (New American Library). This novel's narrator, a Southern newspaperman turned political fixer, bears a few career resemblances to its author; its hero, a Southern governor who has survived by concealing his political liberalism, appears to have been drawn from life; and the events in the book—the first Negro to attend the state university is met by a mob incited by a right-wing-radical retired general—might have come out of the news. Still, the reader's credulity about these real-



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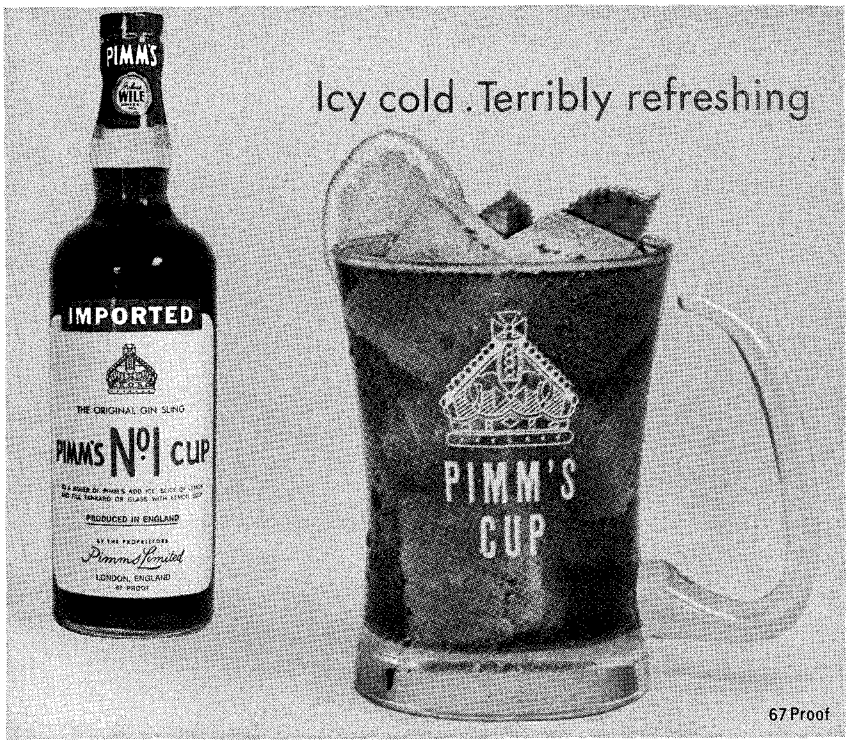
life people and plausible events is strained; the narrator narrates and the characters speak with a ceaseless flow of wit—country coarseness and country shrewdness in the form of similes, saws, apothegms—that is as frantically entertaining as a resort social director on a rainy day.

GENERAL

The Liddell Hart Memoirs—Volume II: The Later Years (Putnam). The military affairs of the United Kingdom as the distinguished and knowledgeable military expert observed them between 1937 and 1940. When Leslie Hore-Belisha became Secretary of State for War, he took on the author as a one-man kitchen cabinet, and Liddell Hart describes Hore-Belisha's attempts to modernize British Army techniques, equipment, and organization—a larger order, as it turned out, than the generals would stand for. Liddell Hart's recollections contain a good many other instances of political and military politics producing muddled policy. For example, Chamberlain introduced conscription (after Munich) in hopes of deterring German aggression; Liddell Hart points out that the measure may instead have hurried the Germans, who preferred to fight before conscription had produced a large battle-ready British force. What makes Liddell Hart's sorry tale bearable reading is the author's unvarying clarity of mind and his ability to pile facts on facts without swamping the reader.

South of the Moon, by Blaine Littell (Harper & Row). A record of a more or less successful attempt by an American journalist to retrace in 1964-65 the route of Henry Morton Stanley's second (1874-77) expedition through the Africa now known as Tanzania, Kenya, Uganda, Burundi, Rwanda, and the Republic of the Congo. It is an interesting book, but it has a disconcerting inconsistency of tone. Each chapter, for example, bears an epigraph taken from Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," but the chapter headings are vigorously jocular; e.g., "Sex and the Single Hindu." The text is similarly varied. Mr. Littell is sometimes comical ("'In Lwanda,' Mr. Wang said, 'there is gleat intellect in lice'"), sometimes vivid ("The harbor, with its sunken shipping and high waters lapping over the waterfront railroad tracks, looked like a sink full of dirty



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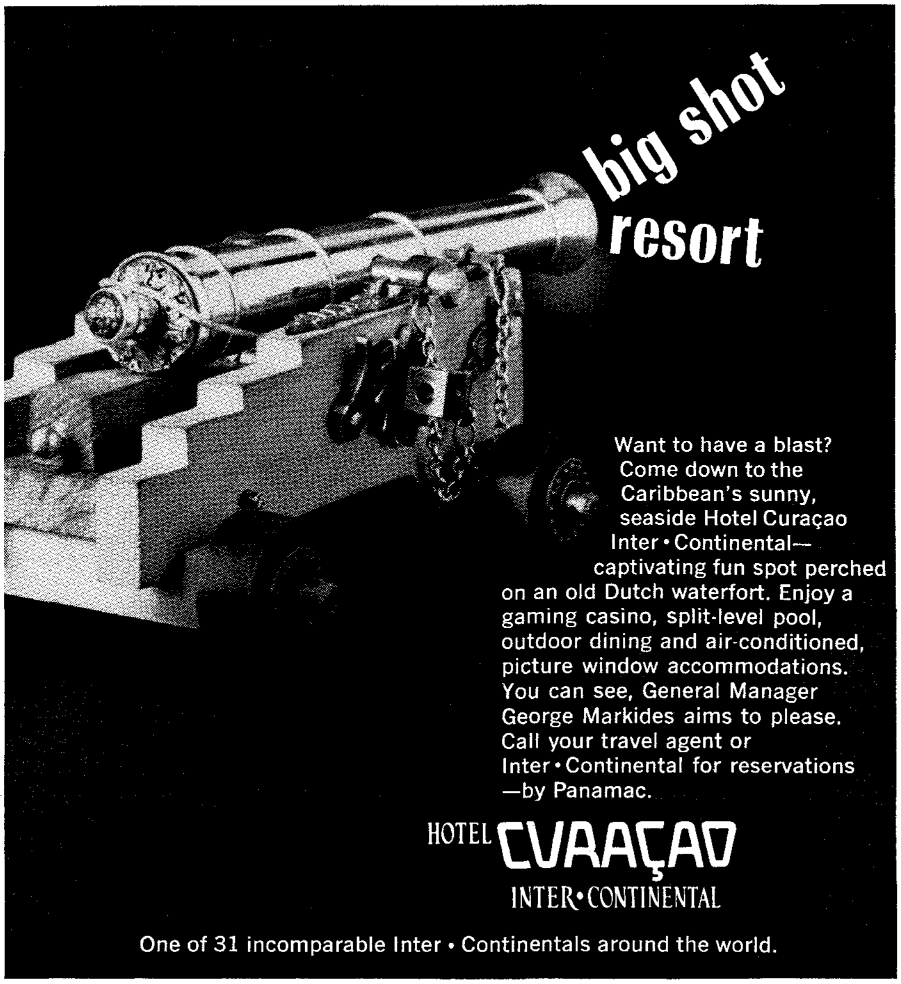

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dishes"), sometimes gravely statistical ("For the job holders of Kenya, the future is anything but bright. Of a population of more than 9,000,000 Africans, only 540,000 are established in wage-paying industries"), and sometimes portentous ("The jungle; the bush; the open savanna. It was here, where he was born, that the black man would return to slough off the imperfectly grafted skin of civilization, to regain his sense of superiority"), and this makes it hard to know just how to take him. Photographs and a map.

The Achievement of William Faulkner, by Michael Millgate (Random House). A popular examination of the entire Faulknerian opera—novels, stories, and poems—by an English writer now teaching at York University, in Toronto. It is appreciative (Mr. Millgate finds something to admire in almost all of Faulkner's prose, including "Requiem for a Nun" and even "A Fable"), but it is not uncritical (there *is* something to admire in most of Faulkner's prose), and the major works are plainly separated from the minor. Mr. Millgate is also well aware that Faulkner was not an "American primitive . . . a wild, untutored genius of the backwoods" but "a deliberate, conscientious and highly sophisticated literary artist," and that his achievement "can be adequately estimated only by our seeing him as a great novelist in the context not merely of the South, or even of the United States, but of the whole western tradition." And he adds, "It is alongside Dickens, the greatest of the English novelists, that Faulkner must ultimately be ranked."

Where's the Melody?, by Martin Williams (Pantheon). A short, model primer on jazz, in which Mr. Williams triumphantly makes a difficult subject seem difficult *and* absolutely comprehensible. He spells out in an even, shoulder-to-shoulder manner the various kinds of improvisation, the places of the composer and arranger, jazz rhythms, and the like, and along the way he carefully knocks down those distracting and divisive genre terms "swing," "Dixieland," and "bebop" by choosing illustrations from every walk of jazz. The second half of the book is given over to descriptions of musicians at work in recording studios, at home, and in night clubs (Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Jimmy Giuffre) and to some painless puncturings of such balloons as Dave Brubeck, Oscar Peterson, and Ahmad Jamal ("Jamal's real instrument is not the piano at all, but his audience"). There is also a lucid salute to the atonal alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman, who, in the past five or so years, has revised jazz from top to bottom.

The World of the Atom, edited by Henry A. Boorse and Lloyd Motz (Basic). It is almost impossible to imagine how a better anthology of scientific papers could be put together. The assembled papers range in time from antiquity to the most modern results in elementary particle physics; in erudition, they range from some purely popular essays to a few exceedingly technical ones. However, the whole collection (two volumes) has been superbly integrated by means of a series of introductory essays by the editors, which explain for the general reader what the papers mean, their importance in the history of the subject, and a good deal about the men who wrote them. Many of the papers are parts—or, in some cases, the whole—of the traditional lectures given by Nobel Prize winners on the occasion of receiving their awards. Until now, many of these lectures—especially the early ones—have been very difficult to get hold of. Where necessary, the papers have been translated into English and put into modern form. Thirty-five dollars.

Note: "An Agent in Place: The Wennerström Affair," by Thomas Whiteside, which originally appeared, in slightly different form, in this magazine, has been published by Viking.

•

Washington, June 18 (AP)—California was pictured today as headed for disaster unless its rate of population growth was checked.

If the current net gain of about 1,500 new residents daily continues, there will be one and a half persons in California in 100 years, according to Robert C. Cook, president of the Population Reference Bureau, Inc. He called the problem "intolerable and impossible."—*The Times.*

It'll ease up on those freeways, though.

•

The program aims at placing in U.S. embassies abroad works of American art—graphics, ceramics, mosaics, sculpture, wall hangings, paintings—that deplore the American scene and its culture.
—*Syracuse (N.Y.) Herald-American.*

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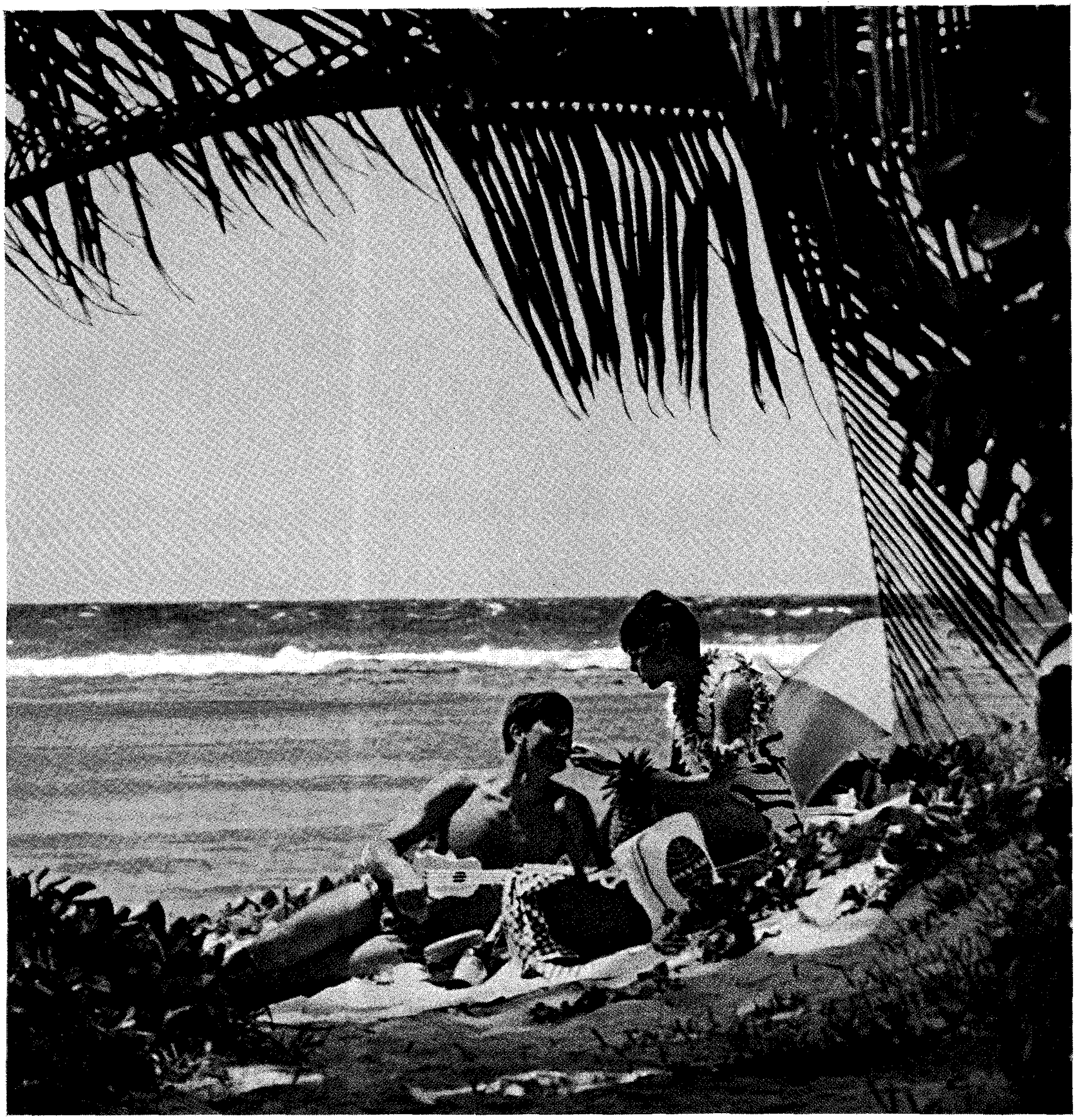

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